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War's Shadow on Vancouver

BY IRENE BAIRD
SEE PAGE SEVEN



TEN CENTS
VOL. 57, NO. 15

DECEMBER 20
TORONTO, 1941

CHRISTMAS EVE AND A WEARY SANTA CLAUS KNOCKS OFF FOR ANOTHER SEASON. THE STORY APPEARS ON PAGE 4 AND 5

EVEN the *Montreal Gazette* on Tuesday expressed the most unqualified approval of the appointment of Humphrey Mitchell as Minister of Labor, and observed that "No other Canadian more closely approximates the stature of the British Minister of Labor (Right Hon. Ernest Bevin), and no other Canadian is better qualified to hold the same portfolio at Ottawa." We hope, and fairly confidently believe, that Mr. Mitchell is too well secured in the affections of Canadian Labor to be upset even by this generous tribute from the other side; and certainly he will not be embarrassed by a warm endorsement of it from *SATURDAY NIGHT*, which has long striven to hold the scales evenly between the two participants in the labor relation—and incidentally to keep them from combining against the consuming public.

As we go to press the King Cabinet holds one more English-speaking Minister and one French-speaking Minister less than it did before the transfer of Mr. McLarty to the post of Secretary of State, where his many ingratiating qualities will be usefully employed. This is obviously a temporary condition, and may be significant of the rapid process of change which is going on in French Canada in regard to the seriousness of the war and the proper defence policy of Canada to pursue in regard to it. The appointment of Mr. St. Laurent, which took place after we went to press last week, is most satisfactory; he is a man of high culture and breadth of mind, with a great professional reputation, and wholly unfettered by old political associations. Mr. King, we suggest, may be waiting, in connection with his next French appointment, for the change of heart in French Canada to go a little further and to make it possible for him to select another eminent Canadian who will be likely to regard the interests of all-Canadian unity as outweighing purely local considerations.

It is not in Mr. King's nature to be unduly hurried, except when he is calling a general election which he is pretty sure he can win; and in this case he appears to us to be right. We regret the campaign which is being waged across Canada by newspapers which appear to feel that selective compulsory service for overseas must be established by at least the day after tomorrow or all will be lost; we desire,

and hope, to see it established eventually because we believe it to be the fairest and by far the most efficient method of raising the necessary fighting power, but we believe that there is still a good chance of a considerable part of French Canada becoming reconciled to it, as a result of the greatly changed situation since this entire continent became a belligerent area and a danger area, and we suggest that in view of the great amount of industrial effort which is required to support one soldier in a modern war there is still a lot of room for increasing our industrial efficiency before the need for a great increase in our military establishment becomes imperative.

An eminent American economist and publicist who was visiting in Toronto during the weekend drew attention to a fact which is little appreciated by Canadians and not at all by the more ardent conscriptionist press in Can-

ada regarding selective service in the United States. This is the fact that the proportion of the liable individuals who are actually taken for service is as yet so small that the compulsive element is almost negligible; in other words the system is operated by the local tribunals in such a way that out of five liable individuals the one who has least grounds for reasonable objection to serving is taken and the rest are left, and in a great number of cases the person taken has no objection whatever. This situation will of course change gradually as a larger portion of the liables is called into active service; but this process will not be hurried, because the facilities for equipping a greatly enlarged active army are not yet available. By the time the system becomes really compulsive, public opinion in the United States will be completely solidified into the conviction that the sending of these forces

overseas is an essential part of the fight to maintain freedom and Christianity on this continent. French Canada will ultimately come to share that view just as fully, but will be a little slower about it; the French-Canadian is not exactly mercurial.

Claims and Gettings

WE HAVE no comment to make on the Canadian Press despatch from Toronto which appeared in most of the Canadian newspapers last week, except that we do not think it got sufficient attention from the general public and we therefore propose to reprint it here, where it is likely to come to the eyes of a good many people all over Canada who are interested in that sort of thing:

"Mr. Justice G. F. McFarland at Osgoode Hall today approved settlement of payment of \$35,000 to Ontario Succession Duties Department of the reopened estates of Hiram Walker and three deceased sons. The original tentative claim of the Department was \$1,617,985, of which \$1,014,328 was interest."

There have been several settlements on about the same scale during recent months, as a result of precedents established by one or two courageous individuals who found means of defeating the efforts of the Ontario Government to prevent such cases from getting into the courts. The right of the citizen to appeal to the courts for justice even as against the Crown is one of the foundation stones of democracy, and we are glad of these evidences that it survives in Ontario.

A Great Opportunity

THIS country is face to face with a grave danger of racial and sectional cleavage, and it will require all the statesmanship of the best leaders in both the great racial divisions to avoid a national disaster like that which attended the adoption of conscription in 1917, the consequences of which are still felt and are indeed the major cause of the present danger.

A compulsory selective service measure extending to service abroad, adopted without the

(Continued on Page Three)

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A Stamp Symbolizing Norwegian Resistance is Struck as Revolt in Occupied Europe Grows

IN THE 27 months since her armies crossed the borders of Poland, Germany has brought the whole of Continental Europe, with the exception of Russia, under her domination.

But under the spur of British propaganda, the peoples of the conquered nations have been far from docile subjects. By last week, revolt in most of the occupied countries had become such a problem that the Nazis increased their policing armies by 50 per cent and called upon their allies for 15 infantry divisions to act as policemen in the stead of Germans who had been withdrawn for active service.

Most actively hostile of all the "conquered" countries is Yugoslavia where, last week, Chetnik guerrillas and Serbian regulars under General Draja Mihailovitch were keeping 7 German divisions bloodily occupied in the mountains to the south and west of Belgrade.

Perhaps the easiest of the German conquests was Norway; but she has been by no means the easiest to subdue. To-day the Norwegians have developed the technique of passive resistance to the point where it is a rancorous thorn in the side of the Nazi military.

The illustration above is an enlargement of a "stamp" which the Royal Air Force and the Royal Norwegian Air Force are dropping over Norway. The head in the noose is that of Major Vidkun Quisling, Norway's arch Benedict Arnold. The words at the top are "30 pieces of silver." Below is a parody of a Norwegian couplet which reads: "Quisling's course has brought him contempt and dishonor."

To any Norwegian found in possession of one of these stamps, the Germans have decreed the death penalty. Yet it is widely circulated in Norway, and has become a symbol of Norwegian resistance.

Last week, shunned by their patriotic countrymen, Norway's quislings were opening their own restaurants and, because they were finding it hard to get proper nursing and medical care, were training their own nurses.

So many escaped Norwegians are arriving at Toronto's Little Norway daily that the camp is becoming cramped both for sleeping quarters and training facilities. Almost daily come reports from Norway of the arrests of prominent Norwegians; of the arrests of others who have helped their countrymen escape and who face death for their assistance.

From other quarters come reports of resistance and reprisals. Early this week the Vichy regime officially announced its "bitter regret" over its failure, after a week of negotiations with the Germans, to prevent the execution of another 100 hostages in Occupied France for anti-German demonstrations.

So in Europe the revolt against the Nazis grows. But to observers fresh from the Continent, revolt against the Nazis at this time is largely ineffectual in comparison with the huge benefits which the Germans are reaping from the occupied territories. For the efforts are those of individuals; as yet there has been no great concerted upheaval. Not until the Germans have suffered serious military reversals will these thorns in the side become swords.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Another Nazi View of Canada

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR article about the letter of the Kitchener man to the *Mail and Empire* in 1936 recalls an experience of my own. In September, 1939, I was at Port Bolster and having little to do I wrote a letter to the *New York Times* saying that the air waves did not stop at their northern border and that we in Canada found it difficult to reconcile protestations of peace and neutrality with the venom that we found in a number of broadcasts. I received letters from many parts of the United States commending these remarks. But I also received two closely typewritten pages from New York, giving the name and address of the writer, and assuring me that in a short time Nazi policy would be supreme in North America and its first step on achieving power would be to annex Canada. So cocksure were these people that they did not mind handing out the details of their plans to an entire stranger. I thought the letter rubbish and burned it, but I remember one phrase: "England has crushed the life out of Canada."

(Rev.) T. G. WALLACE,
London, Ont.

The idea that Canada needs to be rescued from British exploitation is an old and highly-regarded element of Nazi propaganda, though it is more used outside of Canada, among people who know nothing of the constitutional relations of the two countries, than in the Dominion itself. The latest form of the idea, as expressed in Nazi periodicals in occupied Europe, is that Canada is being bled white by Mr. Churchill and will be turned over to Mr. Roosevelt when she is no longer in a position to resist that treatment!—Ed.

Pen Pal Wanted

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

UNTIL recently I had the pleasure of having a Pen Pal in Canada, but he has left to join the Canadian army somewhere in England. Will you allow me space in your columns to ask for a female or male Pen Pal who is prepared to keep up a correspondence?

I am twenty-four years of age, and am working as a clerk in the Government Railway Department of British Guiana. I am interested in reading books, newspapers and periodicals, stamp collecting, dancing, and writing, especially essay writing. The address is P.O. Box 165, Georgetown, British Guiana.

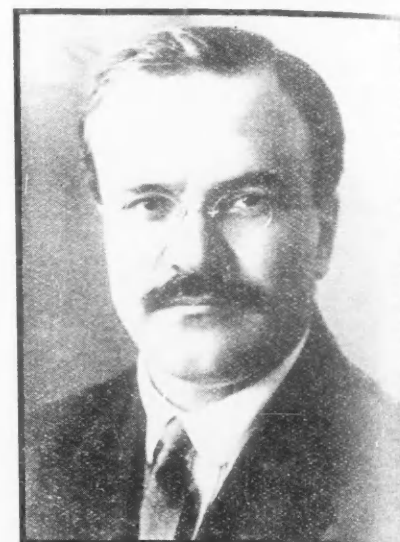
JOSEPH A. GONSALVES.

We hope that Mr. Gonsalves, who heads his letter with a V and three dots and a dash, will find what he wants as a result of this appeal. We cannot, however, afford to turn this page into a Pen Pal Department, and we therefore give warning that other seekers of Pen Pals will have to be referred to our Advertising Department unless they write from places at least as interesting and as far from the beaten track as British Guiana.—Ed.

The Loyola C.O.T.C.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE inconsistency of the opening paragraphs of H. Dyson Carter's article of November 22 should have been apparent. It is particularly unfortunate that such an article was published under the heading of "The Science Front," because Mr. Carter transgresses even the basic principles of scientific argument. The original report in the *Montreal Gazette* made accurate quotations of a few isolated sentences in Father Bryan's address, but a bare statement of those quotations did not interpret his address as a whole. The spontaneous and prolonged applause at the termination of the address is some indication that the members of the Town of Mount Royal Civilian Protection Committee



Russian Foreign Commissar Viacheslav Molotov who last week issued a list of Nazi atrocities inflicted on Russian prisoners, complained about "Miserable rations of rotten bread or rotten potatoes . . . stripping the wounded naked . . ." For the foreign press, the Nazis produced Georgy only son of Molotov, showed him well fed, clothed and healthy. There was just one very small error: Viacheslav Molotov hasn't any son.

did not find it disloyal or unpopular. Father Bryan can meet any criticism directed at him; but when an entirely unwarranted slur is directed at Loyola College I cannot resist telling Mr. Carter, through you, that he has either been grossly misinformed or has deliberately distorted the facts.

I have been connected with Loyola College Contingent, C.O.T.C., for twelve years and consider I am in a far better position to appraise the feeling of the College and the faculty than is Mr. Carter. The C.O.T.C. was founded at Loyola College in 1919. . . .

I am not going to burden you with the military accomplishments of the Unit before and since the outbreak of the war, but I can assure you that today it has one hundred and thirty-six former members in the Army, twenty-one in the Navy and sixty-three in the Air Force. Personally, I think this is a very good record for a small college that never has an enrollment of more than one hundred and twenty-five Arts students.

(Lieut.-Col.) J. W. LONG (Ed.),
O.C., Loyola College
Contingent, C.O.T.C.

Montreal, Que.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

participation and consent of any representative element of French-Canadian opinion, would be a repetition of the disaster of 1917. Yet on the other hand the refusal to adopt such a system, in view of the rapidly spreading conviction of its necessity among English-speaking Canadians, would be just about as disastrous.

Major Power on Saturday last gave hints concerning a scheme for compulsory selective service which, he apparently believed, would be within the ambit of the existing legislation. At the moment of writing, no further information on this project is available; but we find it difficult to believe that it will meet the objections of those who maintain that the keeping up of two separate military forces, one of which can and the other cannot be sent outside of the country and its territorial waters, is a preposterous waste of the nation's energies. What the public opinion of English-speaking Canada desires, we believe, is the abolition of the limitation on the use of drafted men which prevents them from being sent out of Canada; and this demand by English-speaking public opinion is due to the conviction that the defence of Canada cannot be properly carried on within Canada alone.

Mr. King has done all that he could to prevent this issue from coming to a head. It is much that he, with the aid of the great French-Canadians who have been and still are among his friends and co-workers, was able to bring Canada into the war with scarcely a single dissentient voice. It is much that he was able to secure the acceptance by all Canada of the principle of compulsory service for home defence. But something more is now needed; the times are more desperate than they were in 1939 and 1940 and even early 1941.

What is now needed can be achieved by the united action of a few great and broad-minded leaders of French-Canadian opinion and a few great and broad-minded leaders of English-

"Your Hand in the Hand of God"

These verses are a paraphrase of the quotation, taken from a novel by M. Louise Huskins, which was used by the King in His Majesty's Empire Broadcast on Christmas Day, 1939.

SAID to the man at the gate of the year
Who stood at the portal wide,
"Give me a light that I may not fear
As I cross to the other side."

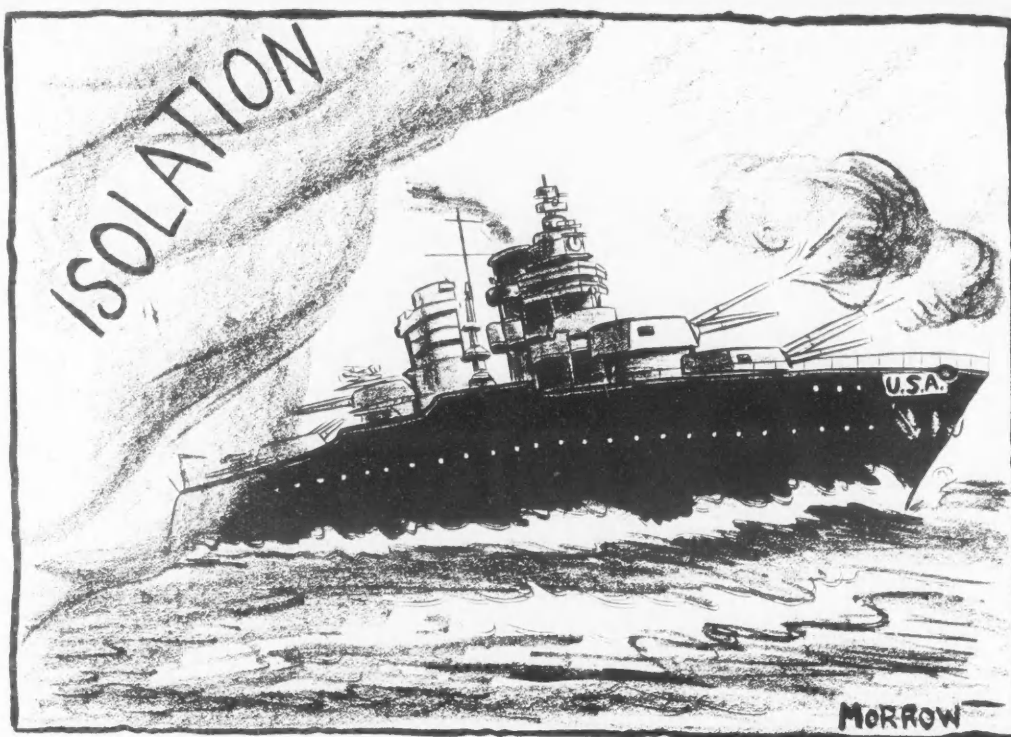
And the man replied with a kindly nod:
"A light you do not need;
Just put your hand in the Hand of God
And go where He doth lead."

"His Hand shall be to you a Guide
Better than any light,
And safer than charted way beside.
Go forth, nor fear the night!"

B. HAROLD STINSON,
Montana Sanatorium, Nette, Man.

Canadian opinion, and in no other way. What is now needed is a combination of French and English-speaking statesmen to remove, and to convince the whole of Canada that it ought to remove and must remove, the limitation which declares that the powers of the 1940 Act "may not be exercised for the purpose of requiring persons to serve in the military, naval or air forces outside of Canada and the territorial waters thereof." So far as English-speaking opinion is concerned, this removal could be effected today with no political danger to the representatives effecting it. It is no use disguising the fact that what makes it difficult is the opinion of French Canada, an opinion which cannot be changed by any outside force of influence, but which could, we believe, be very materially changed by a few influential French-Canadian leaders.

We do not think there is much prospect of Mr. Meighen being able to detach enough Liberals from Mr. King's following in the House to enable him to set up a mixed Government for the purpose of enacting full conscription. That is not the peril from which French Canada needs to protect itself. The real danger is the feeling of resentment and frustration which is growing among English-speaking Canadians, and which will lead to fully as much bitterness at the end of a no-conscription war as the conscription measure left at the end of the last war. If, as is entirely possible, the



OUT OF THE FOG

shores of Canada should be exposed to attack as the result of the collapse of the defence system of the democracies at some point on the other side of the oceans, in the East or in the West, that bitterness will be very profound.

There are men in French Canada who understand the danger from Nazidom abroad and from disunion at home, and who are trying to convince their fellow-countrymen that an all-out effort is the only way to fend off this danger; but they are few and not in the first rank of influence. Joined by half-a-dozen men who are in the first rank of influence, they could save Canada from a very imminent peril. The number of French-Canadians who could by any possibility be involved in such compulsory service is small, for this is a mechanized war, and it takes many men behind the lines to support one soldier in the field. There can no longer, surely, be any pretence that this war is being fought for the defence of "England" or of anything except the liberty of Canada as one among the democracies which are threatened with total slavery by a Nazi victory. We already have conscription for the defence of Canada at home; we need it for the defence of Canada anywhere. But we need national unity also. French Canada has never had a greater opportunity to deserve well of posterity.

The Truth About Russia

THE London Times carried on its editorial page a few weeks ago an article described as being "From a Russian Correspondent," which from internal evidences both of thought and of literary style seems not unlikely to be the work of a Russian long resident in Canada, a descendant of an ancient noble family who has nevertheless manifested a remarkable power of comprehension of the present aspirations and ideals of the Russian people.

He maintains that the eighteenth century brought into Russia "an influx of Western ideas and German blood" which made the old system of serfdom, with its balanced responsibilities, into an abject slavery, and caused all the social unrest of the nineteenth century. "The tremendous energy the nation has since displayed in construction, as in fighting the Hun, is due primarily to the overthrow of an alien caste and an artificial system which has chained the people. Today the Russians are acting not as devotees of the theory of Marxian Communism but as a nation whose natural, pent-up genius has been suddenly released."

The whole article, which nevertheless will never be brought to the attention of the Canadian people by the local friends of the Comintern, is a most powerful plea for a better understanding of Russia on the part of the British peoples. "Surely such people (as the Russians), and such a land, must have a profound influence on the world; an influence which can bear the most fruitful results if it is associated with the tempering and mature influence of the Anglo-Saxon peoples." And again: "In Russian fervor for social justice coupled with Anglo-Saxon balanced judgment and patience lies one of the great hopes of building a saner world after the war."

The writer attempts to explain the Russian's

amazing contempt for his own life and his own property when defending his soil against the invader. The Russian sense of property in things is less than Western Europe's, "because the Russian's horizon has not been hemmed in by a valuable human heritage and effort which are the product of a concentrated and crowded civilization. He has been primarily a nomad pioneer living with limitless and natural horizons. It is not the product of human toil and art that has impressed him, but the immensity and power of nature. For centuries he strained every effort to eke out a bare subsistence, and only too often the fruits of his labor were destroyed by hard nature or cruel man and he moved on somewhere to start all over again. It was not the sort of environment and influence to produce a high respect for material property."

There is the answer. There is the story of the burning of Moscow in 1812, of the destruction of Kiev a few months ago, of the "scorched earth" policy so repugnant and impossible to us of the West, so natural to a Russian and a Chinese. The Russian is not fighting for his life, nor for material things, nor even for an idea; certainly not for the idea of Communism, though he may well regard that as the form of economic organization most suited to his racial character and geographical position. He is fighting for his country, for Holy Russia, for an ancient historical entity upon which the Tsars and the Commissars, the boyars and the industrial magnates, are alike mere temporary excrescences, and of which the essence is the Russian people, haters of war, yet conquerors of their most warlike enemies.

Technocracy Again

MR. HOWARD SCOTT, director-in-chief of Technocracy Inc., an organization which is banned in Canada and is probably regarded with no little suspicion by the authorities in the United States, wired Mr. Roosevelt immediately after Japan's attack on the United States, informing him that Japan's action "automatically compels me . . . to place at your disposition as Commander-in-Chief of the United States the entire personnel and equipment of Technocracy Incorporated on the North American continent."

Technocracy Inc. being a legally incorporated body whose property and contracts cannot be disposed of except by its lawful directors, we doubt whether Mr. Scott's action has any legal validity. But we are particularly peeved at the use of the expression "North American continent." If Technocracy Inc. has any personnel and equipment on that continent outside of the United States, it is presumably in Canada or in Mexico, and in either country there would be difficulties in the way of handing it over to the Commander-in-Chief of the United States. If anything in Canada is to be handed over to Mr. Roosevelt in that capacity and we have no doubt that some things ought to be and will be—we should like the handing over to be done by Canadians and not by the head of an organization which Canadians have banned.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Mikado of Japan has ceremoniously informed his ancestors that Japan has gone to war with the United States. Only the unfortunate fact that Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini have no ancestors has prevented a similar observance in Germany and Italy.

DEFENCE DITTY

If Hitler is who
You'd like to be licking,
War Savings Stamps are what
You ought to be sticking.

VAN B.

Comment overheard in a Toronto department store: "Why don't Roosevelt and Churchill keep quiet? They just kept nagging and nagging at the Japanese until they got mad and started dropping bombs, and now they'll have Vancouver in the war in no time."

The Germans have begun to talk about the American attack on Japan. Perhaps they think those Japs were just going to Hawaii to get away from it all.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS, 1941

In the Malay jungle,
On the China Sea,
Brave men fight on Christmas day
To keep their people free:
Free to sing on Christmas Day
Carols from the past;
(Not their first aim, this, of course,
But also not their last.)

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
You fight (along with other things)
To cherish Christmas Day.

Far upon the Russian steppe,
In the bitter snow,
Men retreat on Christmas Day
As men did long ago;
And a phantom in a long grey cloak,
And a characteristic hat,
Cries, "Winter fights beside this foe,
I could have told you that!"

God rest you, Russian gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
You charge (you'll be surprised to learn)
To cherish Christmas Day.

On the plains of Libya,
By the shifting dune,
Sad men fight on Christmas Day
In the scorching desert noon;
Do they think of their Holy City?
Do they weep for the spires of Rome?
Where Christmas can never be quite the same
When the faithless are back at home?

God help you, Araby gentlemen,
Well may you feel dismay;
For we fight for more than a man-made
creed
When we fight on Christmas Day.

Large numbers of the Japanese planes attacking Malaya are reported to be piloted by Germans. There is a theory that the entire Japanese ship of state is in the same condition.

OSCAR

There was a cat that sailed the sea—
A naval hero great was he,
Survivor of torpedoings three.

Oscar by name, of German breed,
No lover, plain, of Nazi creed,
Or why leave Bismarck in time of need

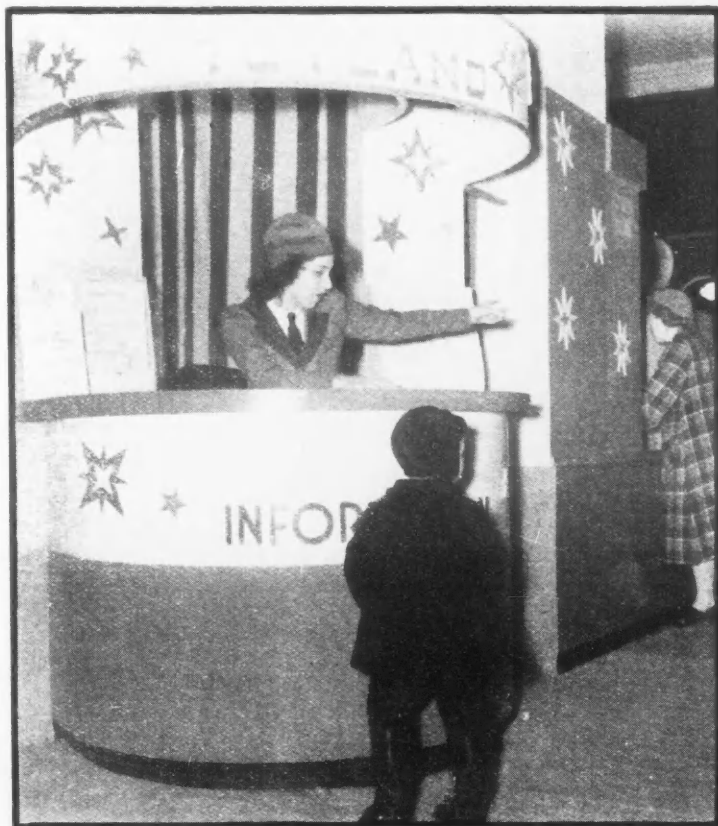
And safety seek on Cossack bold
From ocean's waters icy cold,
'Thence to the Ark Royal's mighty hold!
This tale of a cat is now retold.

B. L.

The Japanese air force is said to have a "suicide psychosis", which we take to be one more evidence of the Neurotic Order in East Asia.

Having decided not to take London last winter, Hitler has now decided not to take Moscow this winter. We expect him to decide not to take Washington and Ottawa in the winter of 1942-3 also.

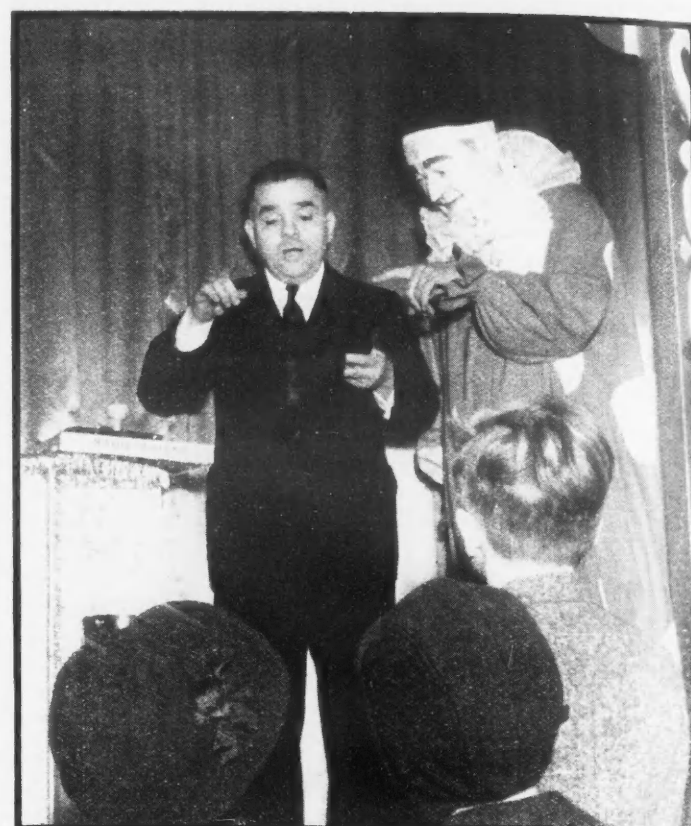
150,000 Toronto Children Check To See . . .



So large has the Toyland community grown that it needs an information booth of its own. "Santa's over there"



Enraptured is the word for the look on this freckled youngster's face as he watches the Toyland magician . . .



. . . deftly pull this, that and the other from his battered silk hat. The clown is his indispensable aide



From Toyland's Pirate Ship this little girl is being handed a Christmas surprise package by a lady Pirate

IF YOU don't believe there's a Santa Claus, ask any one of the thousands and thousands of children who have been downtown in the past few weeks.

Then you will be told that he has not only been seen, but talked to; his hand has been shaken; a lucky few have actually sat on his lap.

Just in case you doubting ones haven't been in one or another of your favorite department stores recently, we bring you camera evidence that there really is a jolly, old St. Nicholas. He arrived in Toronto weeks ago with a big retinue of Toyland characters to take his place on a throne of ice and snow; there he sits in friendly majesty probing the Christmas wants of Toronto's children.

On the last shopping day, he will disappear by touching the side of his nose in traditional fashion and zipping away like a flash. And then to his castle of toys and good things, somewhere near the North Pole, whence he starts out again to travel over the roof-tops and into homes to bring cheer to a troubled world.

He must be tired before he starts

remember how tired celebrities say they get, even shaking hands for an afternoon? And think of the many childish hands the department store Santa has clasped through many afternoons.

To the 150,000 Toronto youngsters who will have paid him a visit prior to Christmas Eve, Santa Claus is no illusion. So real is he to some children, that, overcome with joy at the prospect of seeing him, they are afraid and hide behind their mother's skirts in tears when brought into his presence. Others, the braver ones, and less credulous, put Santa Claus through a minor cross-examination before accepting him.

IF YOU are under thirty-five, and have lived in Toronto all your life, you have known the Santa Claus parade since you were a babe in arms, for one department store has staged this pre-Christmas event in the second week in November every year since 1905. Visitors from other stores throughout the United States have such a regard for the staging of the arrival of St. Nicholas in Toronto that they are on hand learning how

to greet the venerable gentleman.

The Santa Claus parade is a parade that just doesn't happen after a few weeks' preparation. Shortly after one Christmas the men who are responsible for its staging start to worry about how they are going to create a new spectacle for the coming season. It must be new, and at the same time it must be old, because, from long experience, these men have learned that the Toyland characters in the parade must be the favorites: Mother Goose, the Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe, Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, etc. One year, for example, King Neptune was introduced, but the little children mistook him for Santa Claus, because he had whiskers. Today, there is no character in the parade with whiskers except Santa Claus.

And what do children ask of Santa Claus when they meet him? We don't have to answer that question. For you, whether you are a parent or not, know very well it's a doll, a train, or the hundred and one toys that you asked for when you were young. But occasionally there is something new. This year, for example, a little lad

Story by Harold Sutherland



"And it backs up and it goes forward, it's got switches and everything. Gee, if we only had a train like that!" These youngsters admire Toyland's electric rail system

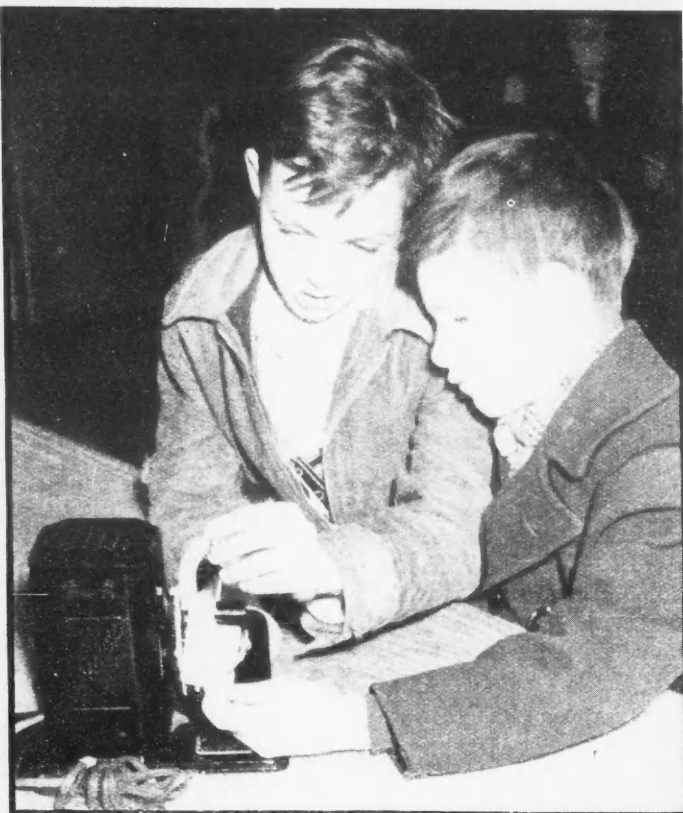


If Santa sees the expression on this young lady's face, he can have no doubt about the path to her heart. This doll is just about as large as its admirer

... That There Really Is A Santa Claus!



Happy, the Clown, is almost as much a Toyland institution as Santa Claus himself and far more ubiquitous



"This is what I want for Christmas!" Big brother explains the intricacies of a motion picture projector



Dumbo, the flying elephant, almost comes to life for this little girl. It's part of Toyland's enchantment

who had been told that he shouldn't ask for an electric train, because Santa Claus could not get enough iron, as the army needed it, solved the situation by bringing a piece of pipe down-town with him and offering it to the jolly old gentleman as raw material.

THEN, of course, all who see Santa Claus are not children. Take the case of the two young airmen. When Santa asked them what they would like for Christmas they replied, "Just two nice big dolls!"

Santa Claus, as most school children know though many of us grown-ups have forgotten is really the incarnation of St. Nicholas, a popular saint who lived away back in the Fourth Century. Accounts of his life are purely legendary and start at his birthplace in the city of Patara in Asia Minor. A devout youth, he entered a monastery and rose to be an archbishop. But despite the kindness of his character, he ran foul of the Emperor and for years was imprisoned and tortured. Released in the reign of the Emperor's more benevolent successor, he

lived to spread joy and happiness.

The history of St. Nicholas does not stop with his demise. His relics were preserved with great honor in Asia Minor until the Eleventh Century when some merchants took them to Italy to be placed in the crypt of one of their country's churches.

How he became patron saint to Russia, to virgins, sailors, pawnbrokers and robbers is another story. For at this season we are only interested in how St. Nicholas came to be patron saint of children.

HERE is the original legend: "A nobleman in the town of Patara had three daughters, but he was so poor he could not give them suitable marriage portions and was about to abandon them to a sinful course of life when Nicholas heard about it. The saint went secretly in the night to the man's home and threw a bag of gold through the window. This was dowry for the eldest daughter. Next night another bag for the second daughter. The following night, as he was leaving the third bag for the last daughter, he was caught by the nobleman. He made the nobleman

promise that no one would be informed of his munificence. From this episode came the custom for older members of the household to leave gifts in shoes and stockings for younger members who on finding them would attribute the presents to St. Nicholas."

Then with the passing of the years came our present Santa Claus who so ably continues the good work started so long ago by his predecessor. He is an old man now, but he will be always young. Always young, as little Virginia O'Hanlon found out when she wrote her famous letter to the *Sun*, a New York paper, in 1897: "I am aged eight. A little girl told me there was no Santa Claus. My father says if I read it in the *Sun* it is true. So will you please tell me is there a Santa Claus?"

The reply of Francis P. Church, editorial writer, became a classic. We quote his last paragraph to the little reader: "No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."



"Do you remember what I asked for last year?" This lad wants to know why a previous Christmas request went awry



Children aren't the only ones who adhere to the St Nicholas legend. In this section of the crowd which has gathered around him, there are only two children



And about the time his admirers and supplicants are diving into their Christmas stockings, Santa is ready to spend Christmas in just one way — sleeping soundly

THERE is a school of economic thought which is predicting a period, possibly a year or more, of very lively prosperity in certain isolated industries in Canada as a result of the price ceiling policy, which business men began by regarding as likely to put a heavy damper on most enterprise.

The essence of the situation, in the minds of these thinkers, lies in the fact that with a greatly increased amount of buying power in the hands of the general public, and no increase in prices in spite of extensive shortages of certain lines of goods, there will be a great deal of buying power left running around loose to seek expression in the buying of those kinds of goods whose materials are not restricted, and whose production can be multiplied (by the overtime use of existing machinery) at a relatively low cost, and with the aid of unskilled labor.

That money in the hands of the general public is extremely plentiful is obvious enough. Most of the increase is getting into the hands of the families whose members constitute the working force of the industries in which employment has been so greatly expanded during the past two years. In 1939 this class may be said to have been living on the proceeds of the labor of roughly 20 per cent of its members, the others being dependent (non-earning) members of the families of the earners. Today the working percentage is much nearer 30 per cent, and it is constantly rising, and will go on rising throughout the year that is coming. Taking into account the large amount of overtime that is being paid, and the almost total absence of part-time unemployment, the total income of this class is likely by the end of next year to be almost double what it was in 1939. That income is used largely for the purchase of things which cannot be raised in price because of the price ceiling, and which in many cases cannot be made available in greater supply, so that the income-recipients could buy more of them. (That situation, it is now generally admitted, will have to be met by rationing, so that the limited supply will be fairly distributed.)

THE hope of the government of course is that of the remainder of this greatly increased income of the wage-earning classes a large part can be drained off to pay for the war, partly by taxes and partly by the

purchase of the government's promises-to-pay. But only the wildest optimist could cherish the hope that as much as one-half of the excess income could be recaptured by such means. Money which gets into the hands of consumers will to a large extent manage to get itself spent on consumption goods, no matter what the government may do to check the process—short of actually taking the money away before it can be spent.

What kind of goods, the optimistic economists are asking themselves, will this buying power exert itself upon? The primary test is this: they must be goods which require only a moderate amount of labor, and that not very skilled; and they must be goods the materials of which are not in limited supply in the Dominion. (External raw materials will be limited whether they are plentiful abroad or not, by the refusal of the Exchange Control to license the export of funds for their purchase.)

ALL that one can do at this stage is to give one or two examples of the general kind of thing which seems likely to benefit by the situation. Wooden furniture of the more definitely machine-made kind would presumably be well up in the forefront, until checked by shortage of lumber, at which stage a rationing system would have to be applied.

Amusements of the paid-admission type, the "sale" of which can be increased up to the limit of the capacity of the auditorium without any increase in cost of production, will unquestionably be conspicuous among the beneficiaries of the new situation, unless blackouts become necessary, in which case they will suffer severely. At the present stage there are already all the signs of a greatly increased demand for entertainment of the most varied kind, and this will become more noticeable after the holidays.

Travel, and the hotel and restaurant businesses, are being increased. People with hard jobs to keep them busy all day, and with money to

BY B. K. SANDWELL

spend, "eat out" more frequently and more luxuriously; the total amount of food consumed will not rise very much, but the demand will be for more style and better cooking. The curtailment of motor travel will add materially to what would in any case be an increasing demand for transportation by public carriers.

The same demand for increased style and finish will be found in the clothing industries, which will not be able to supply more clothing because of raw material limitations, but will be able to sell more of the "fashionable" goods. If this goes too far the government may eventually have to step in and insist on a certain amount of standardization.

The beverage producers, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic, should be in for a period of notable prosperity, subject only to limitations of raw material. Some of the less socially admirable forms of expenditure, such as gambling, will probably flourish.

AN EXTREMELY interesting question is whether much or any of the extra money will find its way into the purchase of capital goods. Real estate presents a very peculiar problem in this connection. Ordinarily one would expect it to become very

active with rising prices in a period of plentiful money; but the period that we are now in differs from all preceding periods of the kind, in that comparatively little of the extra money will find its way, even at long last, into the hands of the wealthy classes, owing to the severity of taxation and the various restrictions on profits. The freezing of rents is another factor which may discourage the purchase of developed real estate for some time, while inability to obtain materials for building will similarly discourage speculation in undeveloped real estate. Nevertheless it may be anticipated that plentifulness of money and shortage of housing accommodation will eventually create, among the class of people who live in the smaller kind of houses, a strong disposition to purchase houses for their own occupation. Anything in the way of a ceiling on real estate prices is impossible, as the supply of real estate cannot be added to or diminished; an attempt to freeze prices, at a level below that which owners regard as legitimate value on a free market, would simply put a stop to all transactions, as owners can nearly always afford to wait a year or two, and would do so in the hope of getting a free market.

Other forms of capital goods are not likely to attract much interest.

With the new money mostly in the hands of small holders, that part of it which is available for investment will almost entirely seek the form of government bonds and war savings certificates, and the Government will use every effort to insure that it does so. To the small investor, who does not contemplate living on the income from his investments, the difference of a fraction of one per cent in yield is not important, and is not enough to offset the feeling of uncertainty with which he regards an unfamiliar land in comparison with the well-known and trusted promises of the Dominion and Provincial exchequers. The class of investor is not likely to be attracted by equity securities of any kind in the present condition of universal limitations on potential profits.

All in all, the enormous scale of industrial and military and agricultural employment throughout Canada is being and will continue to be reflected chiefly in a mild rise in the standard of living of the wage-earning class, expressed only in regard to those articles and services the provision of which does not interfere greatly with war effort either in the realm of labor or in that of raw materials. This will cause increase of volume in some selected businesses, but the resultant profits will be largely cut into by taxation. Taxation may be relied upon to absorb all of the benefits that any other class can obtain from the increased economic activity of the nation, and a slight many classes will find themselves worse off even though both their capital and their personal productive abilities may be more actively employed.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

What Will the Workers Do with Their Money?

BY B. K. SANDWELL

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Santa Laughs At a Bicuspid

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MRS. TURNER looked longingly at the Christmas tree that stood at the end of the decorations counter. It was about five and a half feet high, just the right height for a Christmas tree, it had large white cellophane leaves like palm leaves and it was firmly set in plaster in a white enamelled tub. A Christmas tree like that would last for ever, she was thinking. It wouldn't shed on the rug, it wouldn't lurch and topple and have to be lashed with ineffective guy ropes to the radiator coils. And you could take it down in corded sections and put it away till next Christmas. A little annual pressing with a warm iron and it would be as good as ever year after year.

"How much is the Christmas tree?" she asked.

The salesgirl shook her head. The Christmas tree wasn't for sale, she said, it was part of the store decorations. So Mrs. Turner bought instead a Christmas angel wired for electricity and a wreath made of cellophane grass and decorated with artificial cones and red electric bulbs.

Having finished her shopping she then set off for her dental appointment down the street. Just outside the store she paused to look at the laughing Santa Claus. Santa Claus's blue catatonic eyes gazed into space, his great arm rose and fell, slapping his knee in a gesture of indescribable mirthlessness. There was something at once menacing and absurd in Santa Claus's laughter. Mrs. Turner reflected. It sounded like a killer in a movie serial. She caught the changing light and crossing the traffic went down the street. But even half a block away, even in the elevator, she could still catch the high homicidal note of Santa Claus's mirth.

IN THE dentist's office Miss Blake the nurse skillfully tied Mrs. Turner into a cellophane coverall. "Dr. Walker will be here in a moment," she said; "he's in the laboratory looking at your X-rays."

"Oh, my X-rays," Mrs. Turner murmured with a sudden drop in her Christmas spirits. She leaned back and watched the head-lines streaming about the top of a distant building. . . . Rome, Tokyo, Berlin. . . . Give Her An Electric Christmas. . . . Then Dr. Walker suddenly appeared beside her. He was holding her X-rays and he looked frowning and serious. "I've been

looking at your X-rays," he said and held one up to the light. "There seems to be considerable trouble right here." He indicated with a sharp little instrument a cloudy area at the base of a bicuspid.

Mrs. Turner gazed at her X-rays with a mingling of fascination and horror. Could those jutting shapes and writhing prongs really belong, intimately and profoundly, to herself? "I'm afraid this one will have to come out," Dr. Walker said, tapping. "I'll make an appointment if you wish with Dr. Cadman. He usually takes care of my extractions."

Mrs. Turner leaned back and closed her eyes. She was remembering how someone had once said that the loss of a tooth was in itself a little death. And this was only the beginning. One by one they would be relentlessly condemned by Dr. Walker, ruthlessly executed by Dr. Cadman. . . . Dr. Walker continued to scan the X-rays. "As far as I can make out that's the only trouble," he said. "However we'd better just take a look and check up."

"I SIMPLY won't have it out!" Mrs. Turner said suddenly. And as though in derision Santa Claus's laughter drifted up on a long chuckle rising to a howl. Dr. Walker shook his head. "You'll be making a bad mistake if you don't," he said gravely. "There's a bad infection there and it's fast treating. Will you just lean back please?"

Mrs. Turner leaned back and closed her eyes. Dr. Walker went on talking but she didn't bother listening. That was the one small mercy granted by dentistry. With your mouth filled with suction tubes and revolving brushes you didn't have to converse, your mind could fall back on its own stricken thoughts. . . . A pivot tooth wasn't that what they called it?—ghastly, unmistakable, set like a miniature gravestone to mark the spot. And this was only the beginning. Dissolution and death were already creeping toward her, waiting to strike. Ha, Ha, Ha! laughed the killer in the shadows.

Then her attention swerved sharply to something Dr. Walker was saying. He was telling her about modern progress. Modern progress, he was saying, had accomplished won-

ders. "They even copy small imperfections, to give a more natural appearance," he said, "and you take the new plastic materials they're using now instead of the old-fashioned gutta percha. You couldn't tell it, I couldn't tell it myself from the natural gum."

Mrs. Turner shuddered. The little brush whirled busily. . . . "An entirely new principle of fitting," Dr. Walker was saying. "I saw it demonstrated last year in Cleveland. There's no problem of slipping any more. He chuckled, and his chuckle was caught and diabolically prolonged in the voice of Santa Claus up the street. "You couldn't knock 'em out," he said.

"Eek, oh, oo," Mrs. Turner said utterly but unintelligibly. Dr. Walker politely removed his instrument. "I said, I suppose they're electrically operated too," Mrs. Turner said. "Well we haven't quite reached that stage yet," he said with a hearty laugh. He swung aside the bristling drill. "That will be all," he said, "and about that tooth, you can have it till the New Year if you like but I wouldn't put it off any longer."

ON THE way home Mrs. Turner stopped at her favorite fruit and vegetable store. A display of holly lay on the open-air counter. It was real holly, but to Mrs. Turner it had a more than vegetable gloss and gleam, it looked as though it had been artificially stimulated, or secretly fed on arsenic. "I'd use a Christmas tree," she said.

The proprietor led her round to the side of the store. "I've been using in spruce this year," he said, "because you take a pine or a hemlock they begin to drop the minute you get them into house temperature."

He brought out a little spruce from the thicket of Christmas trees. It looked crushed and a little forlorn like a badly folded umbrella. He shook it and straightened it and there was real frost glittering on its branches. It would shed, Mrs. Turner knew. Spruce, hemlock, pine, they all shed alike. And it would topple and lurch, because they always did. But she stood looking at it with the tenderness one feels for all young, lovely and perishable things. "Will you send it up for me," she said, "and please put a nice firm base on it so it won't slip."



American sailors on leave study newspaper headlines at a newsstand in Times Square, New York City. In the surprise attack of which they are reading, the Japanese claim to have sunk "two battleships, and two other capital ships and four large cruisers (were) heavily damaged . . ."

Last week the War came very close to Vancouver. So close that the city was completely blacked out.

Here is how the blackout affected a girl reporter sent out to cover a Little Theatre opening and "get a story on the raid, too".

THE night of December 8 I had an assignment to cover the opening of the Vancouver Little Theatre. At 5:40 that evening the first air raid warning broke over the city, the first rising notes of that sinister banshee scale. News of the Seattle blackout was cutting in over the air. The atmosphere was taut with rumor.

I phoned the city desk. They didn't know anything for sure but told me to get out to the Little Theatre anyway and get a story on the raid, too, suppose there turned out to be a raid. It would be a natural if any bombs should fall. Blackout had come into effect when the first alarm sounded. We had pulled blankets off the beds and hung them over the windows, making shift like everyone else in town that night.

Outside it was black dark. Here in the suburbs a few cars were sneaking by, some with one light, some with none, others flashing them nervously on and off. A few dark figures loomed up on the first street corner. No one knew whether to wait for a street car or not, whether they were coming. After a long time we caught the friendly grinding of a car as it lumbered invisibly towards us down the tracks. A dim blue eye of light glowed eerily through the gloom.

The conductor seemed pleased and surprised to see us. "Don't worry," he said in a cheerful Cockney voice, "this may take time but we'll get you there in the end!"

For ten minutes we crawled through the darkness then stopped. A policeman with a flashlight was holding up traffic. So far as our street car was concerned this was the end of the road.

There was only one way left to enter the five miles into town. Returning to the stranded street car I asked if anyone was game to walk. A figure stepped out of the shadows. "Sure, I'll walk," it said. Together we started off side by side, faceless, nameless strangers. A small caravan led in behind but we soon lost them.

A mile down the dark road the drums wailed again. It was not an alarm, just the police ambulance. It shined by us with a sinister flash of its red revolving eye leaving us more solitary than ever. Maybe it was going to an accident. Maybe one of those Jap planes had got through. Maybe a million things.

WE MET up with a pitch black bus. It had no lights on the outside whatever but it took us into town and, for the first time, my friend and I saw one another's faces. Here and there the bus stopped to pick up and set down passengers. They were swallowed instantly in the black tunnel of the outside world. We felt like the cast of "Outward Bound."

Nowtown we changed from bus back to street car. The streets looked like no other streets I had ever seen before. They were black and stealthy, the outlines of the tall buildings merging into the heavy sky. In our street car were two high school girls, a Chinese, a Negro and a stout woman with a shopping bag. We must have looked a queer lot.

The sinister breath of rumor still haunted the air. Were the Japs really on the way? Was this blackout the real thing or only practice? Someone began talking about fifty unidentified planes and in the middle the lights went out. We broke into loud platitudes to show how little afraid we were, then, as suddenly, the dim lights came on again and we relaxed back into uneasy quiet.

Of course, I kept telling myself, there just isn't anything to all this, it's only what they've been doing over in England for the past two years. Nothing to it at all. Just take a peek round the blind and picture those streets as they look by daylight. They're the same streets they were this morning. What's that

War's Shadow on Vancouver

BY IRENE BAIRD

dim blue light moving eerily along-side of us? Just a bus, a big, solid bus. There go the street car lights again! Doesn't mean a thing. Only practice.

It must be close to where I get off for the theatre now. Almost everyone else has gone. Will there be anyone left to get off at my corner, anyone to walk beside? This car is going smack home to the barns after

it reaches the end of the run. I can't stay on it forever, besides the show was scheduled to start an hour ago so it must be about ready to begin. Why must anyone be so faithful to the best traditions of drama as to carry on on a night like this?

There's an odd-looking man up in front getting off at the next stop.

Will he be all right to walk with? He's got to be. If he's a garrotter he'll just have to go ahead and garrotte me because I won't be left alone.

It's dark out here. No, it's not just dark, it's something more, something I've never seen before. It's war casting those deep shadows, that's what it is. War.

There's that man ahead, whoever

he is. Another few steps and he'll disappear. What was it city desk said about fifty Jap planes heading north from Frisco? How long approximately would it take twenty, say, to reach Vancouver while the other thirty take care of Seattle? And suppose Vancouver is bombed any moment now, what would be the best angle to cover my first air raid from?

Who cares about a little thing like that now? It's blacker than sin out here and twice as lonely. Catch that man before he disappears into the blackout.

IT HAS TO BE **THIS**

...before **THIS**

Wires and Cables for Victory come first!

There must be no let-down—no half-hearted effort—no blind ignoring of facts in the job confronting us. *We must win this war!* No sacrifice is too great, no task too heavy—if through us the heritage of Freedom can be preserved for the Canada that is to be. And the war is not being fought in the front lines alone. Here at home, management and labour, shoulder to shoulder, are accomplishing amazing feats of production. The "tools" are being given.

Wires and Cables of every type are being supplied in vast quantities by Northern Electric. Power, light, communications—vital essentials to navy, army, air force and allied industries—are being carried over wires and cables whose peace-time development has been tremendously expanded into war-time production. It is understandable then, that the production and delivery of wires and cables for other-than-war needs must be considered of secondary importance as long as the present conflict lasts.

WORKING FOR VICTORY AND SAVING FOR VICTORY!

Pictured on the left is Miss Annie K. Jones, one of our long service employees in the wire and cable division. Miss Jones is one of the thousands of us Working for Victory through all-out War Effort and—Saving for Victory through continuous and regular purchases of War Savings Certificates.



Northern Electric

COMPANY LIMITED

I CONFESS to a great fear, a mighty fear. Last week I wrote that I hoped the war would go on long enough for America to take her full share in the fighting and the suffering before knowing a tremendous victory, for only by thus attaining the majority of her nationhood would she become an integral part of the world's five continents; only if she tasted an earth-shaking victory after proper sacrifice would her people lose their instinctive isolationism.

I fear we are going to win this war too soon.

What is the strongest part of the Axis war machine vis-à-vis the Allied war machine? Not the Japanese navy. Not the Japanese air force. Certainly not the ridiculous Japanese army. Not even the mighty Luftwaffe. It's the German army.

Even when the Russian army and air force were thrown in on the Allied side, London and Washington still saw no hope of defeating the German army for years and years, for their military advisers gave the Russian army three months, if that, as these "expert" professional soldiers had given the Chinese armies only three months in July 1937.

Someone has at last got to say a few plain things. Someone has got to give solemn warning against the Allied capacity. China and Russia excepted for being out of date, for being years behind events.

I will take on the task, for did I not prophesy "Victory By Christmas" when Hitler attacked Russia? I based that prediction on the hope that the strategy of London and Washington would be built on reality and not on a major false premise.

Victory By Summer, If—

BY HENRY PETERSON

Last March Henry Peterson predicted in Saturday Night that Hitler would soon attack Russia, and in July, when the invasion was in progress, he forecast that the Russians would not only withstand the Nazi onslaught but that Stalin would successfully counter-attack in the South, making possible "victory by Christmas"—this Christmas.

Though we haven't yet won victory, Mr. Peterson asserts the Germans are cracking and that his chief fear is that we are going to win the war too soon. He tells us why here.

That major false premise was that the Russian army would collapse in a few weeks, or at best would just carry on a guerilla war and be incapable of a grand counter-offensive.

Does anybody still maintain today that if the British army, to be supported, if necessary, by the two first regular American divisions, had been thrown across the Channel in August, we would not have achieved victory by Christmas?

Hitler would have had to withdraw a quarter of his army and air force from Russia and who can doubt now that the Russians would not have lost their tremendous western industrial power, that, in fact, the Russian army would now be knocking at the gates of Berlin?

So let us today weigh up all the factors in the Pacific, the Atlantic, in Russia, the Balkans, in China, in Libya, in Britain and in conquered Europe—and project our imagination forward. Let us deny ourselves

the pleasure of wooden laziness, let us catch up with events.

In the Pacific, Singapore and Burma must be held, and they will be held, without too much difficulty. Singapore held, and Japanese naval raiding in the Indian Ocean will only be of nuisance importance. Burma held, and supplies can go to the Chinese armies. Burma held, means that the Burma Road will continue to function.

The Atlantic. Some American naval units will be withdrawn from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but enough will be left to maintain in large part the fruitful collaboration with the Royal Navy which has so drastically cut shipping losses. These will go up, but nothing like sufficiently to give Hitler mastery in the Atlantic, though he gets the French fleet, Casablanca and Dakar.

China the Pivot

China. China is the pivot for the crushing of Japan. Planes, tanks, artillery, ammunition, spare parts and maintenance crews must be rushed in. Why? So that the Chinese army can push the Japs into the sea in North China and, in conjunction with the Russian Far Eastern army, into the sea in Manchuria. Then, 500 airfields could be established opposite Japan from which to cover under Tokio, Yokohama, Kobe and Osaka with one sheet of flames. After that invasion of Japan could be accomplished.

But, in heaven's name, let us send in generals who will not try to teach the Chinese how to fight, unless it really is best for us not to win this war too quickly.

Libya. That is not only safe, but, luckily, the German High Command has been caught trying to save it by sending air reinforcements from Russia. Most of the squadrons were too late. For several weeks they were out of the fight neither fighting in Russia or in Libya. They were just being shuffled.

Conquered Europe. I pray it will lie low yet. The tremendous military weapon it can be at the right moment must not be dissipated. This creepy destruction of the German rear must wait until the German fronts are fully engaged by invading armies.

Britain. Invading armies are there. When will they strike across the Channel? Not now until the winter gales have passed. Not before the end of February. But, at a pinch, by the end of January, that is, if the signs on the Russian and Balkan fronts are favorable.

The Balkans. The German army's need of oil, especially lubricating oil, is getting desperate, for it will soon be fighting the British army from Britain and must fight it in the Middle East to obtain oil. It must also fight the Turkish army to obtain oil. Oil it must get, so a German attack through Turkey to get at the Iraq and Iran oil wells is coming any day.

Finally, Russia. Russia! Over Russia especially let us no longer be out of date. We simply can't afford to go on making major military miscalculations.

Don't we yet see what has happened to the German army, that one thing all our military leaders were shaking their heads over, seeing no hope of any loss of power by it without an American army of 5,000,000 men?

Great Scott, an American army of 5,000,000 men? How long would it take to train and equip such an army? And how much good would it be without a year's experience, if not two or three years' experience?

And all the time there was an army of 10,000,000 trained men, trained for a dozen years, half of whom would always have arms, and arms that had been perfecting for a dozen years. More, an army filled with a warlike spirit that only the Chinese army has matched among democratic armies.

When in July I was rash enough to prophesy that the Russian army would not only withstand the treacherous Nazi onslaught but that "Stalin Would Attack in the South", I did so because I was convinced of the brittle quality of Teutonic might and the solid quality of Russian might. Forgive the heat of my language, but I see no reason why our leaders, when they had all the information and I had but a peep through the hoarding, should so wantonly have made the wrong guess.

Opportunity Unseized

Of course, in war one must first put oneself beyond the possibility of defeat and then wait for an opportunity for defeating the enemy. The first, naturally, lies in our own hands, but the opportunity for defeating the enemy is provided by the enemy himself. Yet beyond this, is the moment for defeating the enemy.

The Germans presented the Allies with both the opportunity and the moment in the summer, but they were not seized, but the Russians have now pounced on both the opportunity and the moment. Having exhausted the

enemy, they are attacking along the whole front. As a Russian can work with bare hands fifteen below, and as Stalin has brought about the two prior conditions to a successful counter-offensive—the exhaustion of the enemy and the possession of fresh troops, a million or two of them.

I predict a dispirited and half-routed German army standing not very far from the eastern German frontier by the end of March awaiting a mighty Russian attack, an attack by a victorious army of three or four million experienced in war and rested through constant rotation.

A British-Turkish-Indian army will also move through the Balkans towards Austria. The British army will fling itself across the Channel. Where then will be the invincibility of the German hordes?

Let Roosevelt send as many divisions of the American army—the "boys" who alone among American fighting men touch the deepest emotions of American mothers to as many fronts as he can in Europe, so that they may share in the punishment of the principal evil-doers of the world to-day, the German people. The Japanese can be left to the Chinese and the Russians. The Italians? There is nothing wrong with the Italian people, but every Fascist must get the same punishment as the German and Japanese people.

Events have certainly moved at least a year ahead of our "expert" commentators in the press and on the air. Ye Allied General Staffs, for God's sake do not be out of date again. Hurry, for the invincible Germans are cracking. The second moment is being delivered into your hands. How many moments do you expect Providence to provide?

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If you have aptitude for selling and the necessary physical and mental equipment to attain success in this sphere, then this advertisement will appeal to you.

A course in salesmanship, limited to six, will be conducted by a prominent life insurance company to train men for highly specialized life underwriting work. The course will commence immediately and will be conducted in the evenings.

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1. The opportunity in life underwriting.
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Following the classes and to those who prove their fitness for the work, a special opportunity will be offered.

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2. A guaranteed future and pension.
3. An opportunity to build a prominent business career.
4. Further specialized training.

Men with selling experience are preferred, although men who seek a vocation in which the earning scale is upward, and who are interested in salesmanship are invited to apply.

When replying, please state age, nationality, education, marital status and previous experience. Box No. 127.

SCIENCE FRONT

The Shadow of Dnieper Dam

BY DYSON CARTER

OUR recent article on "Science and the New World Order" has been attacked. Smashing assaults were launched on both our flanks, with the result that we had to retreat forward and backward at the same time. This manoeuvre is something new. Here is how it was carried out:

The "Forward" army laid down a barrage claiming that scientists really have been concerned about the world's future and now have good ideas about what should be done. As we reeled under this, the "Backward" army swept up, withering us with the demand that scientists stay in their laboratories and leave tomorrow to the poor deluded politicians.

Arguments might only confuse the issue. We were prepared to drop the whole business. But this is a business and an issue confronting not only scientists but the whole human race!

We are not going to argue. Instead,



Louis S. St. Laurent, K.C., the celebrated French-Canadian lawyer who succeeds the late Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe as Minister of Justice.

we present here two factual word pictures to clarify the situation.

DMITRI CHUVAKHIN, first secretary of the U.S.S.R. embassy in Washington, kindly replied when we asked him: "After the Jews and Leftists were purged, what happened to German science?" He sent a detailed account by a Soviet scientist who once worked in Berlin. Prof. N. Greshchenkov was an eye-witness of happenings at the famous Brain Institute in Berlin-Bukhe, then directed by the great Oskar Vogt. The time: 1936.

Dr. Vogt was not a Jew. He had gone unharmed during three years of terrorism because he stuck to his laboratory, refused to participate in politics and did not protest when his best assistants were "replaced" by uniformed SS men.

But one fine day the district Nazi Committee organized a Storm Troopers' excursion to the Brain Institute. The brown butchers wandered through the laboratories. They listened to a lecture on brain currents. Bored, they got hold of Oskar Vogt and forced him to give them a lecture on brain structure. Vogt talked on the differences between the brains of men and other animals. This outraged the troopers. They removed Vogt from the platform and one of their members finished the lecture. He proved that the brains of non-Aryans resemble those of monkeys, and that the most highly developed brains are found only in Germans.

Thinking that this might be an isolated example of hoodlums, Prof. Greshchenkov went into the Institute's clinic. There he interviewed a man wearing a doctor's white coat. The Russian medico was interested in two patients with a degenerative disease of the brain.

"Will you cure them?" he asked the Nazi physician.

"Next week we will sterilize them." "But . . . only in exceptional cases is this disease inherited."

"It is medicine for the improved health of the nation!"

Dr. Greschenkov left to do work in England. He returned to Berlin a few months later. When he went to see Dr. Vogt he was not allowed inside the Brain Institute. Vogt had vanished. The Institute had been turned into a centre of foul propaganda, mainly advocating wholesale sterilization.

Here is a sample of the "science" they gave Greschenkov: "The weak must perish. We are against the curing of infectious diseases—they are our best assistance in the drive for a healthy race. We are against combatting tuberculosis—it kills the feeble. We are against bothering with sick children—there is no reason for them to grow to adult life. We are for war—which leaves alive the healthiest and strongest!"

Greschenkov protested that this was not only unscientific and inhuman, but it was also insane, for disease strikes the strongest children and adults while often the weakest survive. As for war improving the race...

The Nazis handed Greschenkov the Goebbels confession of faith: "Intellect is dangerous for the formation of character. Everything spiritual disgusts me. I am nauseated at the sight of a printed word."

There is no need to comment on these examples of the Hitler scene. They simply show what happens to famous scientists and their institutes when today's realities are not faced. Oscar Vogt's "neutrality" did not save him. He disappeared in 1936. That was the year when our own Canadian doctor, Bethune, was so severely criticized for dabbling in "politics" to the extent of helping the Spanish people defend democracy against Franco's barbarians.

So much for the "Backward" attack. Now for the "Forward" push.

A FEW weeks ago we mentioned the London conference on science and World Order. Full reports have now come in. It is a pleasure to find that many British delegates attended, and expressed vigorous opinions. Of special interest was the section on "Science and World Plan-

Prof. Sargent Florence gave a speech of special interest to readers of this column. He advocated and predicted a vast dispersal of industry away from present centres and into the farming regions, a revolution pictured in this department some time ago. This left the delegates cold. But they sat up and scowled at one speaker.

He was plain Mr. Hugh P. Vowles, a pink engineer who holds the view of Nikolai Lenin, that the technical salvation of the world lies in enormous electrification programs. Comparing the electrical industries of the Soviet Union with those in other countries, Mr. Vowles concluded that only when the profit system is abol-

ished can cities, villages and farms be wholly electrified. Even while he spoke, Soviet demolition engineers must have been burying tons of high explosive inside the mighty Dnieper power dam. And did M. Maisky know this as he listened? Grimly he must have realized that capitalist Britain and socialist Russia have one terrible and immediate task before electrification can advance anywhere—the annihilation of Nazism.

The conference was wound up by the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Richard Gregory, Bart., F.R.S., who gave the delegates a prepared "Declaration of Scientific Principles". Sir Richard proclaimed in his pre-

amble: "The war now devastating our world involves an age-old conflict of ideas—the battle for independence of thought and free expression of opinion." It is hoped that the peoples of Central Europe did not hear this pronouncement.

Now for the "Declaration". We have condensed the Seven Points without altering their meaning, and few of their words:

1. Liberty to learn, opportunity to teach, power to understand.
2. Scientific and social understanding is essential.
3. All nations and all classes of

society have contributed to knowledge.

5. Men of science are trustees of knowledge.

6. All are united in the Commonwealth of Science.

7. For complete intellectual freedom and unrestricted international exchange of knowledge.

Once more, no comment is necessary. Only Robert Benchley, in his famous "Treasurer's Report", ever equalled Sir Richard. Many of the delegates are now writing hotly to the science papers. But this department is retiring from the debates. Several big science news stories are popping, and we are after them now.



PAPER ON THE FRONT LINE NATIONAL SALVAGE CAMPAIGN

By encouraging the salvaging of old books, newspapers, bills and other documents, Canadians can reinforce the firing power of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force and thereby contribute to Canada's war effort.

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One ton of paper will produce material for any of the following:

- 1,500 shell containers
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and these are only a few of the essential war products in which paper plays a part.

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While the pulp and paper industry is daily setting new production records to cope with wartime demands, this is not enough. You can help by—

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TO H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES" AND "REPULSE"

(H.M.C.S. *Windflower*, a corvette on convoy duty, has been sunk in collision, with 23 of her crew missing and presumed dead.)

WHEN on the last long voyage you sail outward, Blazoned with honors, pride of Britain's heart, This small companion keep within your shadows. He's was a humbler, yet as brave, a part.

Though fated for no splendid death in battle, Silent her guns, as though already rusted, Like you, her mighty peers, on guard she perished, No whit less faithful to her sacred trust.

St. Thomas, Ont. HELEN SANGSTER.

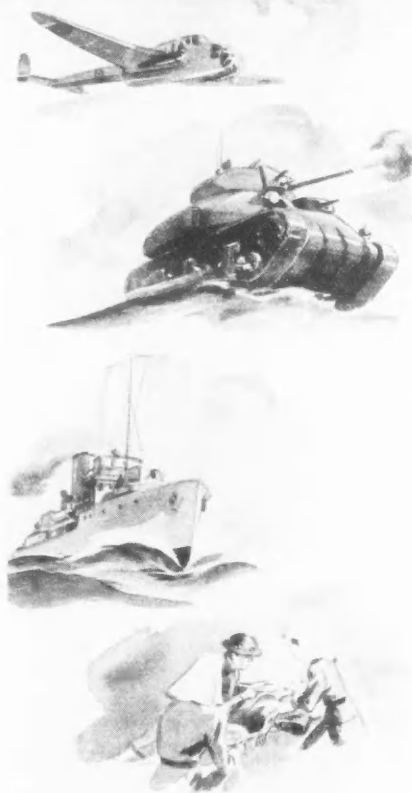
ning". It is a pity that *Punch* did not pose good English fun at a very funny situation—the aims of the conference were outlined by His Majesty King George, while one session worked under the chairmanship of His Excellency the Soviet Ambassador.

General Smuts courageously nailed the conference colors to the mast. He said (via radio): "Science is the greatest torch which the spirit of man has kindled in the modern world . . . our aim is not only more knowledge and ever-new discovery of truth, but also the promotion of social welfare and the building of a great society of free people."

Just how is this to be done? There were varied ideas. At the start Lord Bailey rather awed the delegates by reminding them that the Empire had a colonial problem involving hundreds of millions. "World Orders" must embrace vast lands to which we, in our stupid egotism, pay not the slightest attention.

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SHAW BUSINESS SCHOOLS

B.C.'s First Real Blackout

BY P. W. LUCE

BLACKOUT! This is the real thing. Enemy planes are reported to be approaching. Every light must be extinguished or completely obscured immediately. Warn your neighbors. There is no call for evacuation or panic. Keep tuned to this station for further instructions. Blackout! Blackout!

The radio stations of Victoria and Vancouver gave a variation of this announcement at five-minute intervals on Monday, December 8, from six o'clock onwards. It caught the public wholly unprepared. There had been no hint in the evening papers of the approach of a Japanese airplane carrier, but after the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor on Sunday the story found ready credence.

Lights flicked out all over the cities. Street lamps went dead. Darkness spread over the land, but it was not darkness absolute.

A blackout is not judged by the lights that go out, but by the lights that stay on. One single window brilliantly illuminated is visible for miles in the surrounding blackness of night.

In the considered opinion of men who have seen English cities blacked out, the West Coast's first real test was only sixty-five per cent effective.

Enemy planes would have had no difficulty whatever in picking out Prince Rupert, Port Alberni, Nanaimo, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, or the smaller communities. It might not have been possible to locate military objectives, but this is by no means certain; much depends on how accurately the Japanese have the various centres mapped out.

Caught Short

Looking over the city of Vancouver from the roof of a skyscraper one could see innumerable pinpoints of light hours after the alarm had gone out. Encircling the forty-four square miles of its area, and criss-crossing it in every direction, were the fiery trails of the B.C.E.R. street cars, the front and rear ends of which were undimmed and unshaded; blinds were drawn in the body of the cars. The company had obviously been caught wholly unprepared for such an emergency, for on the third night of the blackout many of the cars were still aglow with light. Obviously it was impossible for proper blinds to be affixed to front and rear vestibules at short notice, but a few gallons of kerosene would have worked wonders at little cost of time or money.

It took many hours to extinguish the large number of neon signs that are such a brilliant feature of the skyline of every city. In Vancouver

British Columbia's first war scare caught that Province unprepared and the blackout was only 65 per cent effective.

But next time it will be "black", for few British Columbians believe that last week's first blackout will be the last.

twenty crews worked feverishly scaling walls and roofs to throw a switch, but in scores of cases fuses had to be blown out if the work was to be accomplished in a hurry.

Thousands of motorists drove home with headlights on. Next day, or the day after, they conformed to regulations by covering their lamps except for a narrow slit which should have been vertical, but was frequently horizontal. Speed was reduced to fifteen miles an hour by Tuesday.

One difficulty with a coast blackout is that the streets are so often wet, and the surface reflects any light thrown on them. A narrow shaft of light from under a blind striking a pool of water is as visible as an unshaded window.

Although war with Japan had seemed imminent for weeks, there had been no provision made by industrial firms for dislocations that might ensue from such an eventuality. Factories which ran night shifts were not prepared for a blackout. Plants engaged in war work had to shut down. Even the big Boeing Aircraft factory on Sea Island had to be idle until skylights could be painted and window blinds installed.

It is estimated that forty sawmills stopped work. Five of the largest pulp and paper mills on the Coast suspended operations. Every shipyard halted work. Engineering plants and machine shops engaged in producing the tools Britain so sorely needs did no night work.

Inevitable Confusion

According to a reliable estimate, about 7,000 men working on night shift on Vancouver Island and the Mainland were laid off. More than half of these were engaged in war work of one sort or another.

Approximately \$200,000 a night was lost in production.

Inevitably, there was considerable confusion on the first blackout night. Orders from different quarters were contradictory, and many officials were confused as to what they should do. Every policeman was called on duty, but their efficacy was some-

what limited by a lack of knowledge as to how far their authority extended. It appears that there is no provision for a constable to enter a house and switch off lights; all he can do is to warn the offender and enter a summons against him on the morrow.

Fortunately, the public has been co-operative. There have been difficulties in making foreigners understand the blackout order, especially among the Orientals. The Japanese newspapers have been suspended, and many of the older members of that race know too little English to follow instructions. . . . Incidentally, the whole of the Japanese fishing fleet has been immobilized as a precautionary measure.

As a direct result of the blackout, there was an immense run on flashlights, candles, window blinds, drapes, cardboard, building paper, black and green paint, tablecloth, and other materials. Retailers were completely sold out by Tuesday afternoon, and so were most wholesalers.

A call for 10,000 ARP workers went out on the Tuesday, following a hectic night and day of feverish activity at headquarters. Extra firemen and policemen were also sought. Special instructors have been named to give the school children air raid drills, something which had not been considered necessary hitherto.

After three nights of blackout, Inspector S. F. M. Moody, civilian protection officer, announced that the ban on lights was temporarily lifted, but might be imposed again at a moment's notice.

The public will be better prepared next time, for householders are leaving the brown paper pasted against the basement windows and have the heavy drapes handy for the front room, just in case.

Very few believe this first blackout will be the last.

Mark the day in memory

Christmas 1941
Romance

Time may be tied to one grand event. This Christmas, 1941, for instance, may be always fixed as your Heirloom Christmas . . . center of romance for generations. With time and living in mind, Heirloom Chests are built to serve long and well.



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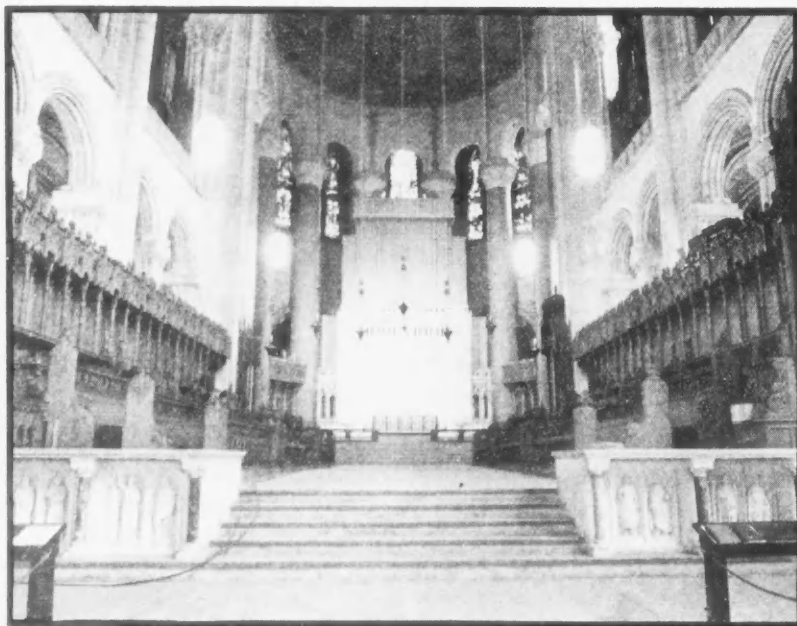
GAIN Christmas finds us at war. Again Christmas recalls the ideals of peace and good will to men. Christmas is always Christmas. Despite the war . . . despite all that has happened or will ever happen, we extend to our friends everywhere the good old Christmas wish, as timely now as always—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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A view of the sanctuary of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the largest Gothic church in the world, which was opened to its full length recently in New York. The cornerstone was laid in 1892 and though some \$20,000,000 have been sent since then, the Cathedral is still not finished. It is estimated that \$10,000,000 more must be raised before it is completed. The front of the choir is faced with a row of marble figures, likenesses of an outstanding man in each century from St. Paul to Abraham Lincoln. A blank slab is reserved for the most prominent man of the Twentieth Century. Above the altar in the background are the new clerestory windows—a memorial to Bishop John Henry Hobart.

We Need Jacobin Serum To Kill Hitler Disease

BY JACK ANDERS

NO ONE, not the greatest humanitarian nor the most fervent believer in the liberty of the individual, finds it unreasonable that we deprive of their liberty persons who are afflicted with, say, scarlet fever. All civilized states have assumed the right to confine not only such persons, but also those who are in contact with them, nurses and other attendants. But on the other hand, no one would, when the patients are cured, hold it against them that they once had the disease.

Today, everyone living in Germany has political scarlet fever or is a carrier of it. In other words, everyone who lives in Germany today, whether a Nazi or one of the much-discussed "other" Germans, is an enemy of ordered society, and must therefore be confined; not only that, they must forcibly be cured of the disease and of its source. Here our simile lets us down to a certain extent, for there are Germans who are incurable. But the main point, which still confuses the minds of so many people, is in fact quite simple: whether or not a German in Germany hates the disease, he is in a disease-infested area and must be treated accordingly. To quarrel now about what after the war to do with those Germans who are at present in confinement against their will is senseless. The question will solve itself, and the solution will leave dissatisfied alike those who clamor for the eradication of merely the enslavement of all Germans, and those who contend that the Germans cannot be held responsible for the crimes of Hitler. Here, as anywhere, extremism will prove impracticable.

Democracies' Blunders

That the weak-kneed attitude of successive British, French, and other governments encouraged Hitler to carry his well-known aggressive designs into effect, is universally accepted now. But looking back upon the incredible blunders and vacillations of, for instance, the British governments of the thirties, blunders which created at least in Ribbentrop the conviction that the British had become flabby cowards, does not make us believe that they are cowards because for too long a time they tolerated those governments. It merely teaches us that, as in one part of the world we must smother the will to aggression, so in another part we must avoid invitation to aggression. We know by now that in the chief aggressor countries the pest centres are comparatively small, and that, difficult as it may have been in peace time and with pussy-footing to eradicate them for good, this will not be so difficult after an exhaustive war, after a war which will leave us

Hitler's lust for conquest made him a Jacobin from the beginning of his political career. He realized that the people would follow him the more easily into war the more they were revolutionarily excited. Therefore he gave his ascension to power a semblance of revolution.

Democratic peoples do not need that deception. "If the same hopes of a better society that are being held out with sincerity to the British people are held out to the American people, there will be no question of defeating Hitler and his little American satellite."

with greater reserves of morale than the aggressor nations.

German refugees of a certain type want to tell us that Hitler's Jacobinism, that is, his lust for attacking other countries, has been the outcome of the Weimar Republic's dishonesty. That State's foreign policy was certainly dishonest for some time before Hitler came to power, especially under the chancellorship of Dr. Brüning. It had to be dishonest because in 1918 and 1919 the German people did not have the strength, nor we the will, to prevent the resurrection of the forces which had dominated the Kaiser's Reich, and because, as the years progressed, those forces asserted their influence ever more. But when Hitler conceived his Jacobin ideas no one, nor he himself, could foresee that the Republic could one day be overthrown as easily as it was eventually overthrown by him.

Those refugees themselves, and especially we have in mind Dr. Rauschning, would never have acquiesced in Germany's Versailles status in a peaceful world, and the question whether we have to fight a Jacobin or a conservative Germany is immaterial to us. It was neither the dishonesty of the Weimar Republic nor the revolutionary discontent of the German masses (which Hitler used for his own ends) that made him go to war, but his will to Jacobinism, his worship of brute force. Those who believe that totalitarian governments not that we mean to defend the principle are bound to be Jacobin, should read the history of the second totalitarian government of Modern Times (the first being Napoleon's), that of the Austrian Emperor Francis I who used it to suppress any possibility of war in Europe after the Napoleonic wars. The story is convincingly told by Guilelmo Ferrero in his recent book "The Reconstruction of Europe".

A Nearer Example

Those who do not want to be bothered with the lessons of history can see an example much nearer in time and space. Mr. Lindbergh undoubtedly strove for totalitarian government in his country, under his leadership, of course. And his avowed aim was to keep the United States out of this war. In that he could succeed only at the price of complete surrender to Hitler. What Mr. Lindbergh thinks or does is his own business, and what the American people think of what he thinks or does is their own business. But no one can blame us for deploring in advance the consequences which his success, if he ever were to succeed, would have for ourselves.

Miss Thompson recently wrote that Mr. Lindbergh's movement could become powerful only if it deepened disagreements between people who are essentially friends, into cleavages. And she continued: "A thousand times better war with a foreign foe than that." If we have ever seen blind Jacobinism expressed in a nutshell, this sentence is the nutshell; although one could also draw the opposite conclusion from it, namely — if we are happy at home we don't care what a foreign foe does. When is a foe a foe?

Hitler wanted to go to war for reasons of his own and he realized early that he could get the German people into war only if he convinced them that war was the only way to put their own house in order. To that end he had to produce the semblance of a revolution, which he did effectively enough. But he who knows that there were over thirty political

difficulties can be anything but a truce with regard to those difficulties, even if it is successful. We are waging war against Hitler because we prefer war to accepting the enforcement of his order upon ourselves and others. But after having defeated him we shall have to battle against, for instance, unemployment quite the same as before; a battle, though, that will be somewhat easier with the economic lessons of the war and the social changes it engenders while it lasts, before our eyes.

Lessons of the War

If there is a danger that Mr. Lindbergh may develop the cleavage of which Miss Thompson seems to be afraid, would the United States' going to war remove that danger for good? This would be a naive assumption. But going to war will give the United States a chance to develop that better society which it has been as unable as we ourselves to develop in peace time; the better society which will take the wind out

of the sails of the Lindbergh and thus defeat them.

It is true that Jacobinism can only be fought by Jacobinism; to be more precise, that blind Jacobinism can only be fought by reasoned Jacobinism. Mr. Lindbergh, though declaring himself for a Jacobin, declares himself against Jacobinism. That is his weakness. If the same hopes of a better society that are being held out with sincerity to the British people are held out to the American people and we are not saying that they are not only that they are not held out effectively and effectively enough, then there will be no question of defeating Hitler and his little American satellite. Persuasion kills germs as little as you kill them. Serum kills the rest.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad



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The daily raid starts when you walk into the office — ends only when you leave. Sometimes its results even follow you home. It's a steady din that lowers the efficiency of executives one third, that robs typists of 19 per cent of their potential productive efforts. You waste energy all day trying to overcome it; result — poor health, absences, over-time and errors. The source of this constant, destructive force is the prime noise maker in business offices today — the old-fashioned, hammer-blow typewriter. You can stop this daily raid on nerves the Remington Noiseless way!

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Lord Bennett, one-time Prime Minister of Canada, recently presented a mobile kitchen to the Canadian Women's Club in London on behalf of the Ontario Motor League. Here Lord Bennett chats with a wounded Canadian pilot after the ceremony.

THE HITLER WAR

Great Events on Three Fronts

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE greatest event in the war, greater even than the Japanese blitz in the Far East, is the German defeat in Russia. Germany is the chief enemy. When she is defeated we can tend to Japan soon enough. And Germany's defeat has begun.

It may be that German reverses in Russia are partly due to a transfer of aerial and armored forces from that front in preparation for a new move elsewhere, together with a decision to retire from salient positions to a shorter winter line. There is no evidence, however, that the "withdrawal" from Rostov was in the slightest degree voluntary. The German High Command had described it, only a week before, as "of the utmost importance to the continuance of operations in Russia." This was apparently a thorough German defeat administered by a carefully prepared and brilliantly directed Soviet counter-stroke.

The same can be said for Tikhvin, at the other end on the front, near Leningrad. The amount of material which the Germans left behind in their retreat from this important rail junction and bauxite centre indicate that here too they bowed to the Soviet will. *Red Star* had declared weeks before, in fact, that the battle to regain Tikhvin would be one of the most important of the campaign. It has now been retaken, and the railway line cleared almost into Leningrad.

Where Is Next Move?

As for the Moscow front, the salients to the north and south of the capital, reaching in the former case to Dmitrov on the Moscow-Volga Canal and in the latter case almost to Ryazan, had just been won a few days previously at enormous cost. Yet these salients, and the still more costly frontal advance, which had carried the Nazis to within 21 miles of the Kremlin on the Vololamsk highway and almost as close on the Mojaisk highway, have now been abandoned in a hurry. Plainly, little credit cannot be detracted from the Russian effort by any consideration of substantial German transfer of force to another front.

As a matter of fact, of the 19 German armored divisions which the Soviets had identified as fighting in Russia around the middle of November, 13 are said to have participated in the second Moscow offensive, which reached its peak on December 5, and in the retreat which followed. Of these the 1st, 2nd and 7th are definitely identified as having fought in the Klin sector; and the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 10th, 11th, 17th and 18th in the Tula sector. That would leave 3 others presumably used in the frontal push on Moscow. The 12th Armored Division is named in the retreat from Tikhvin, and the 6th, 14th and 16th in the retreat from Rostov. The 15th and 21st we know to have taken part in the Libyan fighting during this time, so that we have a definite accounting for 19 German armored divisions, as of the first week of December.

Following their supreme law of concentration of all available force at the decisive point, the Germans cannot have allowed many armored divisions to stand about idle during recent months. Nor can they have formed many new ones, with the great demands for reinforcements for those engaged in Russia. It would probably be a fair guess, therefore, that they have at most half a dozen armored divisions outside of the above count. That will have a bearing on the speed and strength with which they will be able to act in the Near East or French North Africa. If armored troops which were engaged in Russia as recently as a week ago are to take part in the new moves which it would be wise to assume Hitler is preparing, their launching will at least be delayed by several weeks.

Failure Dogs Footsteps

Remembering the German effort of March-July 1918, we should not underestimate the force with which Hitler might still strike, say through Spain and Turkey. Yet wherever he goes now the moral effect of his colossal failure in Russia will follow

him. His armies have now been beaten. The legend of their invincibility has been smashed, as has been the legend that the Fuehrer is always right. And Hitler's position has been made all the worse by his long string of premature boasts, beginning with "the power of Soviet Army resistance is broken" (July 3), and continuing through "the road to Moscow is open, and the occupation of Leningrad and Kiev imminent" (July 13), "the enemy is throwing in his last reserves. . . there is no longer any question of a unified Soviet Command" (July 17), to his great boast of October 3 that "the enemy is broken, never to rise again."

Hitler's enemies could not have prepared the ground better for his forced admission last week that a "winter pause" is necessary in Russia, although neither Moscow nor Leningrad had been taken, and Rostov had been lost. The Fuehrer stands revealed, even to his most fervent admirers, as a liar and a failure; and it is the disillusionment of just these most fervent admirers which is his greatest danger. In the circumstances the *New York Times* story from Stockholm that his Gauleiters have reported morale to be severely shaken by admission of the failure in Russia, as well as in Libya, by Hitler's action bringing the United States into the war, and by the knowledge of the fearful casualties which is beginning to get about, is entirely credible.

What of Hitler's Allies?

A rift is opening between Hitler and his people which will never be closed. The German people, and still more the German armies, will fight on for some time yet, because discipline is the foundation of the German character, and because they are terribly afraid of what defeat will mean for them. But it may be said confidently that the German armies will never again be quite the same.

The moral effect on Germany's allies must be even greater. What heart can the Italians, Hungarians and Rumanians still put into the struggle in Russia? And even the Finns, who are fighters and who went in half-willingly, with good enough cause if not through wise statesmanship—when they see that the tide has turned against Germany will they not reconsider the wisdom of halting their campaign before they see their only friend and protector among the Great Powers, the United States, become an ally of the Soviet Union and hence automatically their enemy?

As for France, it must be more and more doubtful whether she can be brought to collaborate helpfully with Germany. The wretched Vichy clique may now fear for their very necks in case of a democratic victory. But it seems plain that they have been held back quite as much by fear of the popular reaction as by their own peculiar notions of what is best for France, from lining up with their Fleet and their African bases and forces as virtually an ally of the Axis. They may have been able to place willing fascists in command of North Africa and the Navy, but it is hardly conceivable that they could rely on the men in the ranks to fight alongside Germans, or their seamen to fight in company with the despised Italians.

It may be, as a responsible person only three months out of Dakar has assured me, that left to themselves the French in Africa would fight British or Americans who tried to invade their territory, just as they did in Syria. But if they are to fight alone against invaders as powerfully armed as our Eighth Army, moving westward across Libya, or the British and American forces which might some day attack Dakar or Casablanca, the French in Africa must be supplied with modern planes and armored equipment. That the Germans would trust them with this is utterly unthinkable. The alternative is for the Germans to move in



—Courtesy New York "Times".

themselves. And I think that the result of this would be that the French would be thrown into opposition, and become our allies in the German rear, when we arrived on the scene.

French Navy Unreliable

This is Hitler's dilemma in dealing with the French. It is the same with the Navy. Many of its ships, perhaps the great majority, might fight willingly enough to keep us out of Dakar, Casablanca, Oran or Bizerta, if left to themselves. But that Hitler would trust the French Fleet to sail, with full ammunition lockers and fuel tanks, into the Eastern Mediterranean or out into the open Atlantic in the service of his offensive schemes is hard to believe. Equally hard to believe is that the French sailors would fight under German officers, or alongside the Italians, who stabbed them in the back last year. To use the French Fleet on the offensive, it looks as though Hitler must take it over and man it with Germans. That would take many months.

These are some of the problems with which Hitler must be wrestling as he apparently prepares to move through Spain against Gibraltar, and on to Dakar, as well as into Bizerta, the big French base across the Mediterranean Narrows from Sicily, close to the site of ancient Carthage. As I see his next move he is going to try to deliver smashing attacks against our capital ships and naval bases in the Mediterranean, as the Japanese have done in the Pacific, in an attempt to cripple our world-wide sea power. I look for a quick drive through Spain, and a bombardment of Gibraltar by artillery from the heights beyond Algeiras and by bomber from the big aerodrome which is said to be ready near Tangier, to make that naval base useless to us, even if the Rock held out indefinitely.

Mediterranean Battle

If, having closed our short supply route through the Mediterranean, he proceeded to harass our roundabout route by submarine and aerial attack from Dakar, he would have prepared the way for fighting us to advantage in the Middle East. His main land offensive would then follow, down through Turkey, say in the early spring, headed towards Alexandria, oil and the Indian Ocean. In this he will want to anticipate the arrival of the Americans, who have

already indicated their interest in the Middle Eastern front, have large military missions and great quantities of material there already, have announced their intention to set up a main base in Eritrea, and may be expected to start sending armored and aerial forces as soon as shipping and convoys can be arranged.

That the Germans might be able to put Gibraltar and Alexandria out of action, pick off a few of our battleships in the Mediterranean and appear on the Persian Gulf, while the Japanese tend to Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore and appear on the Bay of Bengal, is the great danger facing us in the coming months, and may be the last big crisis of the war. Our answer must be to press on with the job so well begun in Libya, and wipe out the threat to the western side of Suez; to rush further aerial and armored forces to the Levant; to seize the Azores and Cape Verde Islands if the Germans appear at Vigo and Dakar; and to concentrate in the East on holding Singapore and the Netherlands Indies.

Air Power

Our main answer to the Japanese blitz in the East, it seems, must be the weapon which has served them so well: air power. But it must be admitted that their seizure of Guam and attacks on Wake and Midway have raised great difficulties in the way of sending quick air reinforcements to Batavia and Singapore. As this goes to press, the Japanese are pushing their drive through northern Malaya fiercely and London shows grave concern. The drive from Singora through Alor Star has penetrated Malayan territory almost to the vicinity of Penang. The elimination of this British fortified naval base as a threat in their flank, into which reinforcements from India might be poured, must be a first concern of the Japanese. There is less news from the east coast, but it appears as though the invaders had made considerable progress from Kota Bharu, while nothing more has been heard of the menacing landing at Kuantan. Still, the reader should notice the scale of the map. The Japanese are still hundreds of miles from Singapore, and the defence must stiffen steadily as they approach.

And now may I wish the reader all the joy which Hitler and Hirohito have left us, or Stalin and Auehleck contributed, for this Christmas season.



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THE U.S. SCENE

Won't Meet Mama in Yokohama

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Washington, D.C.

THE agencies in Washington which have to do with civilian morale have a peculiar task. Their concern is not with raising the na-

tion's morale; it is with bagging the people's soaring morale (as though with a butterfly net) and bringing it down to earth. The big problem is overconfidence.

As the tragic facts of the naval debacle in Hawaii were unfolded this week, and the nation found itself in the thick of a two-front war against the most powerful military powers the world has ever known, the public reaction was a surge in the popularity of a ditty entitled, "Goodbye Mama, I'll See You In Yokohama," played in swing tempo with "hot breaks" every eight bars.

It is not that the nation hasn't caught the war spirit. Indeed, the war spirit is so vibrant that the Navy is being swamped with recruits at the expense of the Army—on the expressed theory of the youngsters that they'll be able to get to Japan quicker by ship than on foot. It is merely that the nation shows no evidence of being aware of the gravity of the crisis. There is such confidence that it borders on smugness.

For a time it was feared that America's sudden loss of naval initiative in the Pacific would dangerously impair morale, especially in view of the pre-war opinion of naval experts that the American fleet would destroy Japan's sea power in six weeks. As a result the facts about the Hawaiian defeat were doled out slowly and only after a real effort to prepare the nation for bad news.

This fear was ill-founded. The morale of the people hasn't been dented, and confidence leaps from mountain top to mountain top. The task of the morale agencies is to pull confidence down to street level and to discourage any idea of meeting mama in Yokohama for a long time to come.

THE President is leading the nation by his personal example of calmness and clear-headedness. On Tuesday afternoon he held his regular press conference. Most of us were surprised that the conference had not been cancelled. It might easily have been cancelled for pressing war reasons, because the President was to address the nation that night, and because—as it turned out—he had no particular news for the press. But the President held that conference and he amazed the more than 200 newspapermen by his completely normal demeanor which, incidentally, was commented on by practically every newspaperman present.

The President has physical and



Lieut.-Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commander of U.S. forces in the Far East. A report by Navy Secretary Knox early this week indicated that the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was largely successful because U.S. Army and Navy forces stationed there were not "on the alert".

moral courage, abounding faith and the quality of inspiration. He is a great war leader.

NO AGENCY rushed into war routine as quickly as Tin Pan Alley, and today the songs are popping out of Broadway and 49th with the speed of bullets from a 16-gun Spitfire. If the Japs, Nazis and Italians can be murdered as quickly as Bach, Beethoven, Shakespeare and Tennyson, the war will be over in no time at all.

The first war song off the presses came 48 hours after the declaration of war against the Japs. As published by Mills Music, these are the immortal words by James Cavanaugh, John Redmond and Nat Simon.

"You're a sap, Mister Jap.
To make a Yankee cranky;
You're a sap, Mister Jap.
Uncle Sam is gonna spanky. . . ."
And so on.

Another one rushed off the presses was "The sun will soon be setting for the land of the rising sun." This one concentrates on murdering the Japs rather than the King's English. The gagsters have come through with "The Japs won't have a Chinaman's chance." And of course the rhythm boys are having a field day with, "Goodbye Mama, We'll see you in Yokohama."

FIRST evidence of the formal alliance between Britain and the United States appeared on Washington's streets on Monday when members of His Majesty's armed forces here on official duty donned their uniforms. At busy intersections, in hotels and office building lobbies, and in government halls British service dress was widely noted.

Britons were quickly drafted by civilian committees to advise local bodies on air raid precautions. Veterans of the air blitz over Britain are spending their evening hours lecturing to ARP meetings and their every entrance in uniform is wildly cheered.

"Remember Pearl Harbor" is the new battle cry of American forces in the Pacific. The slogan is being printed on every piece of OPM literature and on most press releases. . . . "Remember the Alamo" "Remember the Maine" And now it is "Remember Pearl Harbor!" The Japanese will pay dearly for their treachery.

A brief but brisk fight in Congress is expected over the age limits for overseas draft. The War Department asks for all men from 18 to 44. Many Congressmen are balking at lowering the present age limit of 21. The probable compromise will be a draft for all men from 21 to 35 with provision for part-time training for men from 35 to 44.

The big recruiting rush is not to the Army. It is to the Navy. American men want to get at the Japs, and they figure the Navy will get them there quicker.



Admiral Ernest Joseph King, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, units of which may be withdrawn to cope with the war situation in the troubled Pacific.

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- E. This wide bracelet is formed of 18K white and yellow gold encrusted by diamonds. \$550.00
- F. Earrings of Cabochon emeralds surrounded by diamonds. \$500.00
- G. A Butterfly Brooch cleverly created with emeralds, diamonds and beads of opals rubies and corals. \$450.00
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YONGE AT TEMPERANCE

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The British and Uncle Joe Stalin's Russia

THERE were still, when I was in England two months ago, quite a number of "high personages" in that country who entertained the Kilkeny Cats theory regarding the fight between Russia and Germany, and expressed grim forebodings as to the future state of the world if Uncle Joe Stalin is going to be in a position to speak in loud tones at the council-table when things are settled up at the end of the war. To be honest, I must admit that I did not hear this view expressed by any member of His Majesty's Government; but it is widely believed in England that it is entertained by several of them who have not, in recent months, thought fit to give it public expression. Some of the utterances delivered early this year by Lord Halifax, and by one or two members of the Government still in England, were greatly resented by British Labor, and shortly after I left England Mr. Aneurin Bevan went so far as to charge that at the time when Hitler was preparing his attack on Russia, Lord Halifax in a speech in America gave him "all the comfort, consolation and assurance he needed," and informed him in the plainest possible language that he need fear no attack by Great Britain. Mr. Anthony Eden however denied this rather preposterous charge, and said that Mr. Bevan had given a wholly exaggerated significance to Lord Halifax's statement in America, which was an attempt to meet a criticism by the American press.

ON THE other hand the demand of the British Communists for the opening of a Western Front against Germany in Continental Europe did not awaken any widespread response except in the extreme left wing of British Labor. In such matters of grand strategy the British people, who have had considerable experience in fighting wars, are usually prepared to leave decisions to the competent authorities, and there was little disposition to question the decision of the Government not to undertake a large-scale landing operation on the continent until, in the words of Commander King-Hall, the

German home front had begun to disintegrate.

The real objective of the left wing critics was fairly obvious—and there is no reason to suppose that it received any particular sympathy from the Russian Government. It was simply to discredit the Churchill administration in the eyes of a large part of the working class by representing it as reactionary and as prejudiced against Russia because of the economic theories which are being worked out in that country. Unfortunately there is an element in the Government of Great Britain, as there is in the press and population and Government of Canada, in which that prejudice undoubtedly exists; but there is no reason to suppose—and the British public as a whole seems quite unwilling to suppose—that it has a determining influence on the decisions of the British Cabinet as to what military steps are advisable in the interests, not of Russia in particular, but of the general cause of the war against Hitler.

AS REGARDS the position of Russia in the event of an allied victory, there is no question that a vast majority of the British people, and a majority of the British cabinet, believe it to be absolutely inevitable that the Kremlin must have a great deal to say about the peace settlement. The contribution of Russia to the common cause has been enormous. The co-operation of Russia with the great democracies is rapidly changing the psychological attitude of both the Russians and the democracies on the subject of the possible relations between a communistic nation and the nations practising democratic capitalism both of which systems will be found to have undergone very considerable modifications by the time the war comes to an end. It is generally believed in England now, that communistic policy after the war will no longer include the full Trotskyite program of fomenting revolution in all capitalistic states; and it seems fairly evident that the Russian Government can no longer utilize the fear of a general capitalistic union against Russia as a means of consolidating its hold upon its own people.

BY B. K. SANDWELL

Some "high personages" in Britain still adhere to the Kilkeny Cat theory in the Russo-German struggle.

But, says, "Saturday Night's" editor, they are not numerous anywhere and are becoming less so every month.

Opinion seems to have progressed somewhat more rapidly in this respect in England than on the North American continent. In both parts of the world progress has been impeded by the persistence of the local Communists in adhering to their revolutionary programs and making general nuisances of themselves by acting as if the present war were merely a war against fascism—which is of course merely a not unnatural reaction to the Anti-Comintern pretensions of the Nazi-Fascist-Japanese militarists.

THE thing that has changed British opinion about the policies of the present government of Russia is realization of the appalling nature of the military danger from Germany against which Russia has had to prepare during the last six years. This danger, it is now understood, was in no way contingent upon the existence of the communistic regime at the Kremlin; it would have been just as serious had Russia been the most reactionary capitalist country in the world. The vast areas and immense natural resources of Russia, together with the supposed military weakness of her organization, marked her out as a predestined prey for German aggression. The political and economic theories entertained by her government had as little to do with that aggression as with the Non-Aggression Pact which preceded it. Nor is it to be forgotten that a large body of opinion in western Europe was in favor of allowing Germany to do whatever she liked in Russia, just as a similar body of opinion has hitherto prevented the western nations from doing anything really effective

to prevent Japan from doing what she liked with China. In both cases the idea was that of appeasement—of allowing the aggressive military power to have its way with a supposedly weak power in the hope of placating it and diverting its attention from the western democracies. In the end it has been found that both of the supposedly weak powers have been able, because of their faith in themselves and their national destiny, to put up a resistance against the aggressor which far exceeds anything which the democracies have been able to do except where they enjoyed superior geographical advantages.

The Stalin government, as has been pointed out by a Russian correspondent of the London Times, has been able to provide the Russian people with a national organization which is apparently far better suited

to their racial spirit than that of the corrupt and foreign-based capitalism of the Tsarist regime, and which has now proved itself by withstanding the severest test which could possibly be applied to it. The very great increase, in all the capitalist countries, of the power of the state over private enterprise—an increase which has nowhere been greater than in National Socialist Germany—has removed a large part of the ideological difference between the Kremlin and the Western Powers; and today it is only those people who look for the return of the almost completely unregulated capitalism of pre-1929 days, who are still apprehensive about turning Russia a nation which must be taken into account and fairly dealt with in the post-war settlement. These people are not numerous anywhere, and they are becoming less so every month.

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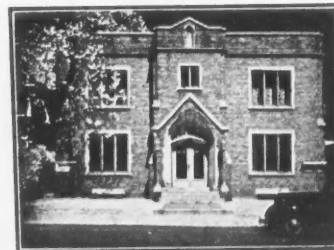


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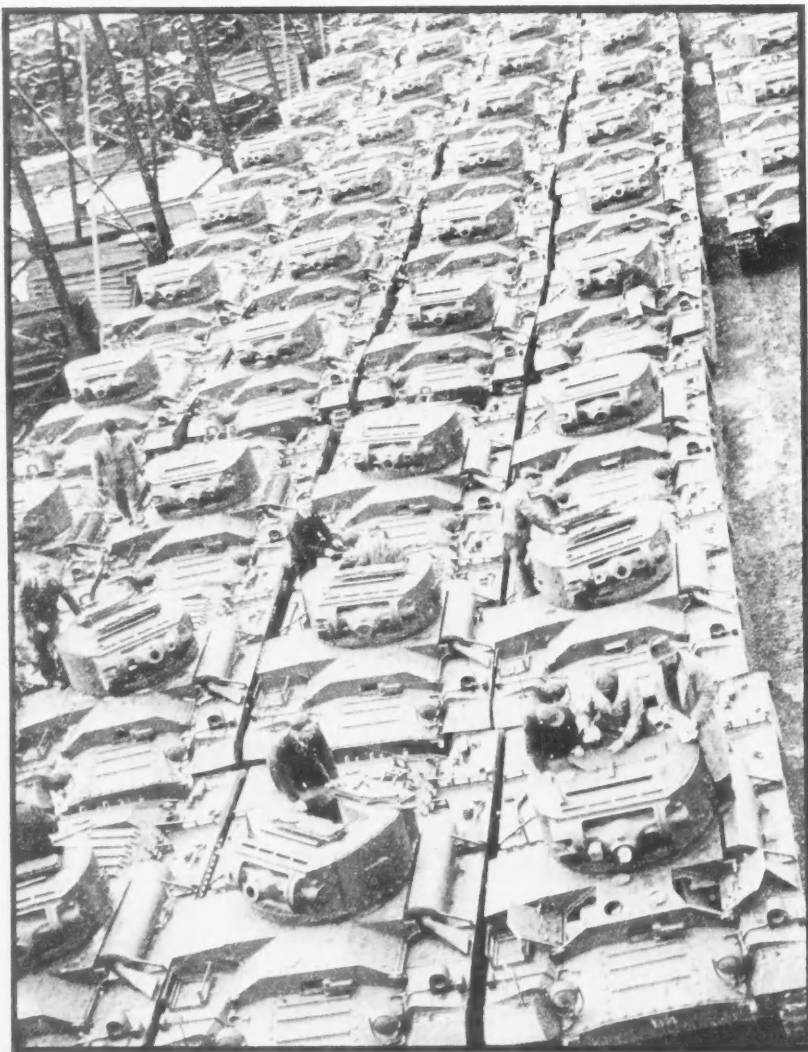
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THE LONDON LETTER

Sorrow in the Scillies

BY P. O'D.

OUT in the Atlantic off the coast of Cornwall, some 25 miles or so, are the Scilly Isles—only remaining vestiges, the romancers tell us, of the lost land of Lyonesse, which now lies many fathoms deep beneath the Atlantic rollers.

Daffodils are the chief industry of the Scilly Isles. That is where all the early ones come from, all those great baskets of golden blooms that used to make the streets of London gay once upon a time. And not only the streets of London, in the shops and the baskets and barrows of the flower-sellers, but the streets of all the Provincial cities as well. These daffodils were the first gorgeous reminder that, even if winter was still with us, spring was not far behind.

Now there is sorrow in the "Scillies"—sorrow that will be shared by us all in a few months' time—for the stern order has gone out that half the acreage formerly devoted to daffodils must be given up to the production of food. So the Islanders have decided to go in for potatoes, those early ones that no longer come to us from Jersey.

Well, there is a lot to be said for early potatoes—especially as the Government is paying a subsidy of £10 an acre—but they are a much less certain crop than daffodils, as well as a less lovely. Daffodils, for all their

delicate beauty, are really quite tough—like those little blonde ladies one sometimes sees, who look so frail and decorative, but who are as hard as nails.

Neither frost nor wind seems to affect the daffodils, and their market is one that never fails. They have made the Islanders prosperous these fifty years or so. Still, it is more important that we should have food than that we should have flowers; and the stern order has gone forth. But we shall miss the "daffies" just the same. They brought sunshine and cheer into the dreary days that come at the end of winter, when we needed it most—as we shall again.

Unnecessary Hauling

Not long ago I was talking to a friend of mine, a contractor who runs a considerable haulage business, and who is a supplier of crushed beach,

sand, cement, and other materials for road-making and building. He was complaining that Government officials—most of his work is at present done with the Government—very often insisted on his hauling materials from long distances, when stuff equally good for the purpose was to be had much closer at hand.

In the comfortable times of peace he would have been pleased. As the owner of a fleet of lorries, the longer the haul the better he would have liked it. But not now—not when he is being asked to take more work than he can handle, when he is restricted for petrol supplies, when spare parts for his lorries are almost unobtainable, and when necessary repairs take weeks where they used to take days.

"That sort of thing is going on all over the country," he said, "my lorries taking stuff a hundred miles or so away, and somebody else's lorries bringing the same sort of stuff down here, wasting time, wasting mileage, wasting petrol. It ought to be stopped."

Well, that is precisely what the Minister of War Transport, Lord Leathers, is out to do with his new scheme of haulage control. But it promises to be a fiendishly complicated business. It is so easy to make impressive plans on paper, to map out areas, to select focal centres, to appoint controllers. But traffic of this sort is an exceedingly intricate thing, spreading out in countless ramifications like the roots of a tree, winding and twisting in all directions. Trying to rationalize it is a little like trying to make the roots of a tree grow straight—necessary, perhaps, but apt to be bad for the health of the tree for a while.

No one is better aware of all this than Lord Leathers, who is one of the greatest traffic experts in the country. He can be trusted not to kill the tree while he is trying to straighten the roots. He won't try to straighten too many of them all at once. But something of the sort certainly had to be done, even if it should interfere for a while with the free circulation of the sap. The circulation, in the case of the country's traffic, has been a lot too free.

No Guardettes

Recently there have been a good many pictures in the newspapers of ladies—mostly young and comely gazing along the barrels of rifles and tommy-guns with an intent and martial frown, while still retaining as much as possible of feminine charm in their expression. The accompanying text has explained that they were training for service in the Home Guard, being anxious, like their Russian sisters, to take their place in the fighting line with their husbands and fathers and brothers—or perhaps somebody else's brothers. Anyway, the girls wanted to be there, and do their share of the horrid work.

All this is a very impressive exhibition of the national spirit, but the attitude of the War Office is not at all encouraging. Hastily the authorities have explained that they don't want any Amazons in the Home Guard—certainly not unless the situation becomes a lot more desperate than it is at present. Let the patriotic ladies serve as nurses, they say, or telephonists, or canteen-workers, all very useful and important forms of service—but not as warriors. Good Heavens, no! What would the Duke of Wellington say!

So there the matter stands, and is likely to stand indefinitely. It is sad that the ladies should be thus disappointed in their martial ambitions—almost snubbed, in fact. But in the ranks of the Home Guard itself the announcement has been received with mixed feelings, in which, it must be confessed, relief decidedly predominates.

Some of the younger men may feel

that Home Guard work is losing a new and potent attraction. Picket-duty in the evening with a really nice Guardette would have for them an interest and charm that picket-duty certainly lacks at present. But not all the members of the Home Guard are young, or even youngish. Most of them, in fact, are elderly married men; and for a good many of them their regular spell of drill or picket-duty has been in the nature of an evening off, an escape from domesticity. The thought of the "missus" coming on guard with them—but you know how it is. Even the most staid and respectable husband likes to get away once in a while.

Viscount D'Abernon

There are some men of whom one is apt to think—rather sentimentally perhaps—as belated Elizabethans, as inheriting in a way from those brilliant, daring, and not too scrupulous men, who rhymed and revelled and intrigued at the court of the Virgin Queen. They were poets and scholars, warriors and statesmen, lovers of life in every form. They could do almost everything; and whatever they did, they did with tremendous gusto. They had vitality and style—glamor, if the word were not now almost a Hollywood copy-right—and they were magnificent to look at.

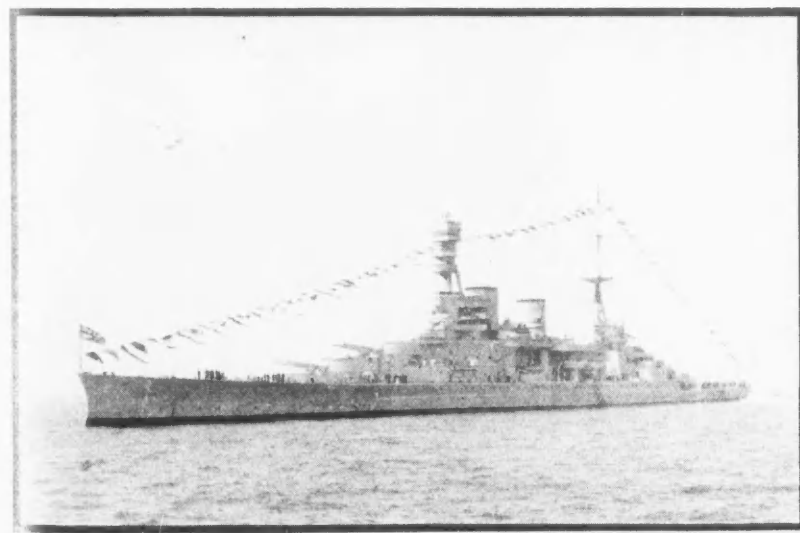
So at least one likes to think of them, though it may be that we are letting our romantic imaginations run away with us. Not all the Elizabethans were Sir Walter Raleighs. But there was undoubtedly a special quality belonging to the great figures of that great age, a quality of which we are all vaguely conscious, something rich and varied and tremendously alive, something superbly decorative.

Viscount D'Abernon, who has just died, always seemed to me to belong in that great tradition. He had been a soldier, a banker, a statesman, a writer, a Member of Parliament, a sportsman, a connoisseur of art, a scientist, an accomplished linguist. For nearly twenty years he was Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank—resigning rather under a cloud, which is also perhaps in the Elizabethan tradition. For six years, from 1920 to 1926, he was British Ambassador in Berlin, one of the shrewdest and ablest representatives this country has ever had there.

There seemed to be almost nothing he could not do, and had not done. He had all the gifts, including great personal charm. He was witty and gracious and also one of the handsomest men of his time. He even wore the Elizabethan pointed beard—not unaware perhaps of his historic affinities. You had only to look at him to think of ruffles and slashed velvet and jewelled sword-belts and plumed caps. He would have carried them superbly. A morning-coat and a top-hat seemed a very poor substitute. He was born out of his proper setting. He belonged with Raleigh and Essex and Mountjoy and the others. And now perhaps he has gone to join them. One would like to think so, at any rate.



Last week Britain suffered her greatest naval losses since the Battle of Jutland when the Japanese sank the battleship "Prince of Wales", above, and the battle cruiser "Repulse", below. Using torpedo bombers, the Japanese sank the two ships in the China Sea off the coast of Malaya. By week's end, hundreds of survivors had reached Singapore safely.



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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

Four Distinguished Novels

THE four novels reviewed here stand high among the best that have come to this office during the present year. One is from the U.S., one from France, one from China, and one from Ireland. All four are the work of men possessing a high degree of literary skill and all four describe life as it is seen through adult eyes; in a literary world which contains so much that is inept and adolescent these books are deeply refreshing.

THE first is a tale of life in warring China; *A Leaf in The Storm* (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.00), is the work of Lin Yutang who has written some excellent and some shoddy stuff. This is in his best vein. With a calm spirit and great art the author relates a fine and moving story of love and war. The love-story of Poya, the wealthy and seemingly cold and intellectual young man, for Tanni, whose passions vacillate between heavenly and earthly love, is shown against the background of battle, retreat, marches of refugees, and all the horrors which war brings to a country which must win its wars by waiting. Although its matter is often horrible, the reading of this book produces that sense of relief and renewed faith which only great art can give.

THE American novel is *Storm*, by George Stewart (Macmillan, \$3.00), which is certainly one of the most unusual novels of the past decade, for its interest centres not upon a person or a combination of persons, but upon a meteorological circumstance. After many weeks of drought, a storm comes to California; that is the meat of the story, but Mr. Stewart tells us more about the storm than we had ever expected to know in this life. He tells us where it was born, how it grew, how it came to California and how, once it was there, it affected the lives of the people of that state, bringing death to 16 of them and every sort of excitement to hundreds of others. *Storm* is a *tour de force* which succeeds brilliantly; the passages describing the lonely eddies and shiftings of the upper air are of remarkable beauty. This is a book to read and re-read.

I WOULD far rather read a novel by a man who was the possessor of an unusual and brilliant mind, but who was an indifferent novelist, than a perfectly carpentered piece of work by a man who was a skilled novelist but a person of undistinguished parts. Oliver St. John Gogarty has only a vague notion of how to write a novel, but I would not swap him and his *Mad Grandeur* (Longmans Green, \$3.00) for all your Dr. Cronins with their trim, empty little books. This is a tale of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century; the plot is trifling, but the book is a magnificent and bountiful flood of lovely prose, with every word apt and never a one too many or too few. Duels, cock fights, prizefights and peasant merry-makings are crammed into the book in a careless and artless manner, and they are described with a poetry and a humor which you will probably not see equalled until Dr. Gogarty writes another book. He has the grand manner and the grand imagination, even if he lacks technique, and he has the secret (never to be discovered by most novelists) of being able to describe a beautiful woman so that the reader can see her beauty. Who could wish that a man with these gifts were a better technician? Not I, certainly.

THE French novel, which Hannah Josephson has translated, is *The Century Was Young* by Louis Aragon (Collins, \$3.00). It is the story of Pierre Mercadier, who sought to slough off one life and take on another by deserting his stupid wife and vanishing from the circle in which he was known. He fails, and his failure is all the more distressing because it is not complete. He ends up as the companion of a bawdy-house keeper, a strange woman who loves him with a fanatical devotion. The period of the book is that between the great Paris Exhibition and the beginning of the first great war, and this era is described in remarkable detail; the evocation of atmosphere is magnificent. Some critics have declared Aragon to be the greatest of living French writers, and this book a remarkable exposition of French character; this may be so; certainly the book is the work of a great writer, and it is a remarkable exposition of human nature. The latter and more general judgment is capable of including the former.

THE French novel, which Hannah Josephson has translated, is *The*

The Impossible German Soul

BY JACK ANDERS

THE GERMANS: DOUBLE HISTORY OF A NATION, by Emil Ludwig. McClelland & Stewart, \$5.00.

"THE first document to show us a Teuton leader in speech and in action contains all the elements characterizing the type: protestations of innocence, threats, tactlessness and treachery," says Mr. Ludwig, referring to Caesar's account of his meeting with the Teuton leader Ariovistus. "Done in the year 58 B.C. . . . Tomorrow it will be exactly two thousand years ago. Nothing has changed since then." Nothing, Mr. Ludwig? If Hitler speaks and acts like Ariovistus, does Mussolini speak and act as Caesar did? If we hate Hitler for representing the "German character" of two thousand years ago, shall we love Mussolini for not representing the "Italian character" of two thousand years ago? The fact is, of course, that comparisons of this kind are meaningless.

But Mr. Ludwig's "scope is psychological," he says in the foreword, and he seems to feel that that necessitates such comparisons. "It is a history, not of Germany, but of the Germans." And as a complete story cannot be encompassed within the range of a single volume, "the artist's skill lies in his selection." In case the reader overlooks the artist's skill, the artist tells the reader of his prowess in advance. The selection, however, is not bad, though the will to be short leads to sentences like this: "The state of learning was still at a low ebb in the eighth century, and little knowledge about Charlemagne has been handed down." What has the one to do with the other?

The whole plan of the book challenges grave objections. If Mr. Ludwig wants to analyze the "discrepancy between State and spirit" in Germany no one can quarrel with him. But to do so by way of the "German character" it would be necessary to define the "German character." Mr. Ludwig determinedly obscures the impossibility of doing so by talking in turn of the German character, the German soul, and the mental state of the Germans. These are all concepts which are unanalyzable and therefore unscientific; naturally so, because they purport to define something which cannot be defined on the basis of present psychological knowledge. In one place the character has even a son, when it is said of Fr. Engels: "It is the good fortune of the German character that it may count such a man among its sons."

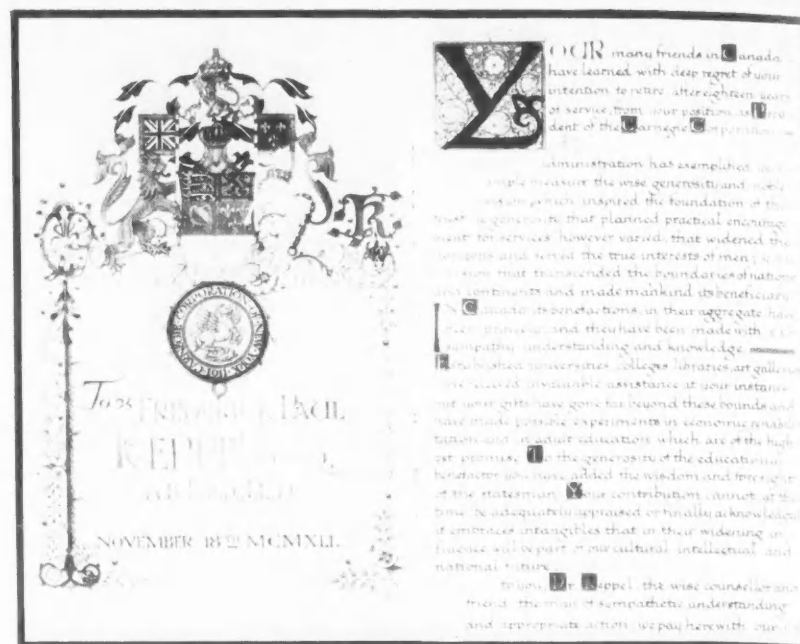
Mr. Ludwig knows quite well what he wants but he forgets it after the foreword, confused as the foreword itself is. Two among other "things are of great importance: the spir-

itual reasons and results of events; the character of persons who bring them about." Quite so. But it seems to me that to assess the character of persons one must have knowledge of the persons themselves. A certain German, King Ludwig I of Bavaria, who was forced to abdicate in 1848, changed the entire course of German history by refusing to acknowledge the King of Prussia as German emperor. Behind his attitude was his relation to a woman. It was a purely spiritual relation, for at the time he met her Ludwig was no longer capable of physical love. Does that matter in speaking of a king and his mistress? If Mr. Ludwig pleads need for concentration and shortness, he has enough space to tell us that Ludwig was "nearing fifty" at that time. In fact he was sixty-three. Of course, if it is irrelevant to psychological analysis whether a man, whose character it analyzes, is nearing fifty and has a mistress, or is sixty-three and can't have a "mistress," then Mr. Ludwig's point has merits.

Born a German, the author owes his education to a civilization represented by the genius of Beethoven and Goethe. He is lucky. But before he wrote that sentence he should have asked himself to whom Beethoven and Goethe owed. To Ariovistus? Of the Teutons: "They came from the arid steppes of northern Germany. . . . It was not land they sought; it was better land and who is to blame them!" Therefore their urge to go south, to search for the sun. If that is to explain the Nazi lust for conquest, then Mussolini presumably is making war on Britain, and Caesar presumably conquered Britain, in search of fog.

In the face of so much comparison it is hard to write a review that does not seem to favor the Germans. In the index of the book two page references are listed under the name of Robert Blum, the Liberal who, against all law and humanity, was executed by the reaction in Vienna in 1848. One of them does not relate to Robert Blum at all, but to another who, against all law and humanity, is being tormented to death by another reaction: M. Léon Blum. But Mr. Ludwig is an artist.

A very useful volume is *Aircraft Recognition* by R. A. Saville-Sneath (Collins, 35c); it is illustrated with a large number of official silhouettes and photographs and is bound durably to sustain hard use. This is the service edition which is used extensively in Britain and is now made available here.



One of the finest pieces of illuminated manuscript ever sent from Canada to the United States is this tribute presented to Dr. E. P. Keppel on his retirement from the presidency of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, by the Canadian institutions which have benefitted from the Corporation's generosity during his tenure of office. The address was written by Dr. J. W. Daffoe, editor of the Winnipeg "Free Press" and Chancellor of the University of Manitoba. The book was designed and illuminated by A. Scott Carter, R.C.A., of Toronto, and bound by Douglas Duncan. The Committee included, in addition to Dr. Daffoe, Principal R. C. Wallace, Dr. E. A. Corbett and G. R. Parkin. Dr. Keppel was president of the Carnegie Corporation for 18 years, during which time benefactions of the Corporation in Canada, in the words of the tribute "have been princely, and have been made with sympathy . . . and knowledge".

America's Arch-Fifth-Columnist

BY WESSELY HICKS

A SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Carl Van Doren. Macmillan, \$4.50.

AFTER two years' study of hitherto undisclosed documents, Carl Van Doren, author of the Pulitzer Prize winning *Benjamin Franklin*, has cleared up the mystery of America's arch Fifth Columnist Benedict Arnold.

In his *History of the American Revolution*, Van Doren tells fully, for the first time, the story of Arnold's treason. The documents which held the secret were the letters which passed between Arnold—then a Major-General in the Continental Army—and John Andre, aide to Sir Henry Clinton, the British-Commander-in-Chief in America. The letters came to light recently in the British Headquarters files which were preserved among the Clinton papers and now repose in the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan.

Van Doren treats the Arnold-Andre correspondence to the same honest, painstaking scrutiny which he accorded his material in *Benjamin Franklin*. Before he finishes, Arnold's treason, which has long been so mystifying and controversial, appears as a forthright, money-grubbing transaction.

Arnold emerges from these pages as a dashing, impatient, impolitic, vain opportunist for whom the Revolution was little more than so much embroidery for his ambition. A brave and competent soldier, he had neither George Washington's magnanimity or Benjamin Franklin's philosophy to tide him through adversity. Dogged by both State and Congressional investigating committees, angry at real and fancied slights, and ever ready to grasp an

opportunity to make money, Arnold himself opened negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton. But he had a price: £10,000, "whether this contest is finished by sword or treaty."

Van Doren's book is a record of the war behind the war which was the American Revolution: a revealing of the subplot to the actual conflict; a sordid diary of intrigue and spying and plot and counter plot. Few on either side had clean hands. So there was little novelty in Arnold's treacherous offer of assistance to Sir Henry Clinton. Arnold offered to fight openly with the British, or remain where he was, as a spy. Clinton thought he would be of more value to the British by remaining in the Continental Army.

Arnold was neither the first nor the last Fifth Columnist of the American Revolution. If he is lodged in the mind of the world as the supreme renegade, it is because he was the most conspicuous and the most dangerous: the man who laid the most sinister and ambitious plans, failed disastrously—and left behind the most minutely detailed records.

If we had any criticism to offer of *A Secret History of the American Revolution*, it would be that the author was too sparing with his own opinions and comment. When Van Doren does interpolate, he does it concisely and revealingly. But he puts the reader on rather too strict an editorial diet. After all, it was Van Doren who studied the documents; his interpretations would be more accurate and embracing than the reader's. The book is long—nearly 500 pages—but the material warrants lengthy treatment. In the hands of a less competent and more garrulous workman, it might well have stretched into a couple of volumes.

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THE BOOKSHELF

"Let Me Tell You . . ."

BY GRAHAM McINNES

THE AMERICAN ARTIST AND HIS TIMES, by Homer Saint-Gaudens. Dodd-Mead. \$5.00.

IN THIS breezily written estimate of the American artist as seen against his contemporary background, Homer Saint-Gaudens covers the whole broad sweep of American painting. Starting with the primitives (a term on which he pours considerable scorn) of pioneering days, he next surveys the colonial sophistication of Copley and West, discusses the impact of industry on art, and takes us via the Armory Show of 1913 and the famous "Ash Can School" into the realm of present day painting.

Few people have been better placed for analyzing the ebb and flow of artistic styles and fashions over half a century than Mr. Saint-Gaudens. As a young man he shared in the vast acquaintance of his father, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the well known monumental sculptor. Later, as director of the Carnegie Institute's Department of Fine Arts, he broadened this acquaintance and also secured the olympian knowledge of those in permanent official positions in the art world.

These qualifications, however, are not unalloyed advantages. His wide knowledge of personalities occasionally leads Mr. Saint-Gaudens into the region of trivial gossip. His long tenure of office, during which he has witnessed the rise and subsidence of many storms in teacups, has bred in him, understandably, an attitude of somewhat world-weary testiness. His close relationships with monied connoisseurs sometimes cause him to underrate the part played in the upsurge of American art by a much wider general public.

However, half a century in the service of art has also produced in Mr. Saint-Gaudens a mellow tolerance, while his interest in personalities uncovers many amusing anecdotes. He has a rich field to survey, and he attacks it with gusto, in a style which is a curious mixture of the colloquial and the scholarly. When dealing with artists and the background of manners and customs against which they worked, this style is effective; when discussing their artistic contribution, it is not so happy.

There is much truth in Mr. Saint-Gaudens' assertion that artists should be considered not merely as eccentrics with a divine spark, but as workers striving to fulfill specific needs of the society which supported them. His suggestion that art galleries should display paintings surrounded by contemporary furniture and handicrafts undoubtedly has much to recommend it; though where the space is to be found he, as curator of a large gallery, is at a loss to say.

The book is admirably turned out and copiously illustrated.

Timely And Important

BY STEWART C. EASTON

ARREST AND EXILE, by Lilian T. Mowrer. McClelland & Stewart. \$4.25.

ENOUGH books have been written in recent years for the general reader to be able to grasp in some degree the Nazi methods with conquered peoples, and to perceive the cold and disciplined cruelty that is the settled policy of the regime. But this is the first book I have read which deals with the Russian policy with regard to the people they conquered in the early months of the war, whose territory they have now been forced to relinquish. When Germany attacked Russia, and the latter, from being a potential enemy,

became a valuable ally, it was natural that opinion in the democratic countries should veer round to a rose-colored view of the Soviet regime. Excuses began to be made for it by those who had doubted its efficiency and goodwill, and the professional panegyrists who had been forced to conceal their views for a season, started to pour forth new encomia. But the Soviet outlook itself did not change overnight merely because the U.S.S.R. was compelled to defend itself, and this book makes very clear how much it is in need of it.

It is not intended to be an attack on the Soviet method, though the concealed indictment is severe and the implications convincing. It is only the story of an American citizen who was caught without papers by the Russians in their drive into Poland, and who was sent to a Siberian prison camp until a new passport was issued and she was released. Every line of the story breathes its truth, and there can be no doubt at all that the picture is authentic. The Russians were guilty of stupidity and senseless cruelty, and an incompetence and inefficiency nothing short of astounding. Zimny Gorodok of course was far from Moscow and the visible blessings of Sovietism as

displayed to tourists and foreign sympathizers, and it should also be considered that, as we know now, the government was so busy preparing to defend itself that ordinary consumers' goods were bound to be scarce in remote places. But nothing can excuse the wanton waste of human and natural resources shown in the treatment of the prisoners and the organization of their camp, and it is hard to see how this could have been otherwise under the system described. The Russians themselves, being a people accustomed to endurance and ill-used to either individual freedom or material plenty, may find some satisfaction, and even hope, in their regime, but it is difficult to believe that we on this continent have much to learn from their methods in Siberia. This book should be required reading for all who believe that a new world has been built in the country of the Soviets, and that ours should be cut to its pattern.

Mrs. Mowrer has done a good job with this story of Olga Kochanska. The prisoners and the central figure stand out as individual human beings. I did not care for her emotional approach, particularly in the interpolated scenes from her heroine's early life. But she has undoubtedly succeeded in capturing the atmosphere of Siberia and there is nothing emotional in her presentation of the simple facts of the day to day life of the prisoners. These are convincing and real. The book is timely and important and deserves the widest possible circulation.

Microscope In Medicine

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

DOCTORS ANONYMOUS; THE STORY OF LABORATORY MEDICINE, by William McKee German, M.D. Collins. \$3.50.

THIS book is a graphic and varied picture of the immense part pathology plays in modern medical science, a part little suspected by the general public, yet now essential to diagnosis and healing in all their branches. The pathologist, basic factor in all properly organized hospitals, is the man behind the scenes. He is known in medical circles as "the doctor's doctor" on whose investigations the physician or surgeon of today, inevitably relies.

The Introduction is by the renowned bacteriologist, Paul de Kruif, who pays a just tribute to the "clarity, vividness, candor and low-keyed power" of Dr. German as a narrator. Though he writes of science, or rather sciences, many of them recent, he makes his pages as lucid and fascinating as a detective novel. This is not strange, because the pathologist is essentially the detective of medical science. Often he is actually a detective in probing crime. But in a more important sense he is a detective in ascertaining the causes of disease; and assisting others to arrive at a correct diagnosis; unfortunately, also, in discovering mistakes past or present.

Dr. German has the history of medical science in all its phases at his finger tips. His narrative of the battle of the first American pathologist of eminence, Dr. W. H. Welch, to have laboratories established in connection with hospitals and medical schools is a sad story. It began in 1878 and did not begin to bear real fruit until long afterward. It is gratifying to know that Sir William Osler was one of the comparatively few enlightened doctors who supported Dr. Welch. He laid down the dictum "A medical school should revolve around the department of pathology."

To the pathologist the microscope is what the scalpel is to the surgeon. Dr. German reveals the fact that in the military camps assembled in the Spanish American war a little more than 40 years ago, there was not a single microscope. Twenty per cent of the soldiers were laid low by typhoid before they had a chance to leave the United States, and typhoid was incorrectly diagnosed as malaria. At that time the common house fly had not been recognized as a spreader of disease, nor had the mosquito been detected as a carrier of malaria and yellow fever. More terrible still is Dr. German's declaration that in maternity hospitals 50 years ago, 25 per cent of mothers died of puerperal fever due to the insanitary habits of doctors, who had refused to recognize the importance of sterilizing their hands and instruments. He makes it clear that if longevity averages are on a constantly rising scale, it is due to the pathologist.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Last Call For Christmas Shoppers

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WE'RE rounding into the home stretch and soon it will be the Eve of the twenty-fifth with the things we've bought at the expense of barked shins and a deflated pocket-book, wrapped, labelled and ready to be opened the next day. And, oh, the lovely exhausted feeling of accomplishment that seeps into the bones. But that wonderful moment is still in the offing and we're still in the thick of the hunt for something for Aunt Agatha and Cousin Joe and all the rest, and this isn't a moment for weakening. So here we are with some suggestions that may serve to whip up your flagging energies.

Rings on Her Fingers

The style of the setting of the diamond engagement ring worn by many a married woman can "date" her as accurately as the appearance of an almost grown-up daughter. Diamonds are never dated, nor need their settings be for they can be set securely in beautiful new Orange Blossom settings as modern as that worn by today's bride. The same happy metamorphosis can be applied to wedding rings. The well-known "overlay" method was developed when Orange Blossom wedding rings led popular taste away from the unadorned plain band to the bridal ring of significance and beauty. Any of these designs may be applied by this method to old style wedding rings, leaving the old ring next the finger unchanged. Or, if the transformation is required in the same color, and the ring has sufficient thickness, the design may be hand-chased in the surface of the old ring. So you see both modernity and sentiment are well served.

Calling All Skiers

Skis are being waxed, the clouds that hold the snow are being urged audibly to drop their cargoes, and the condition of the various trails is being discussed—all of which adds up to skiers' holiday. The Deacon Sportswear people have at their fin-

gertips the clothing likes and dislikes of lovers of this strenuous sport so that the ski-wear they produce is as soundly practical as it is dashing in appearance. You might consider such things as their outdoor shirts for men and women, Vivella flannel in plain shades or giddy plaids... a tunic-length jacket, warmly lined with gathered sleeves, and a zip-on parka to cover her head when the temperature drops to zero... for the man, an action-back wind and water repellent Grenfell jacket with two enormous pockets. And don't overlook the gay Vivella jacket made after the fashion of a man's weskit, which would be as smart for informal wear around town as for sport.

Note-Able

Since stationery happens to be one of those gifts bound to be suitable for anyone from Mrs. A. who is a grandmother to Miss B. who is at the ripe old age of sixteen, we think your attention should be drawn to Cameo Vellum stationery which is to be had in quantities ranging from one up to four or five quires in ivory and gold marbled boxes. If your taste leans to the pleasant texture of linen paper look for it in attractive blue and silver boxes. The opulent Deekle will be found in boxes in rich brown tweed effects.

About Time

The man who wears one of those extraordinary Movado Calendografts on his wrist won't have a leg to stand on if he ever tries to use the old alibi that he "lost track of the time." Indeed the thing is almost superhuman for not only does it tell all

about the time of day in hours, minutes and seconds, but it also informs you by means of an extra hand of the date. We feel certain you'll feel as overwhelmed as we when you learn that it doesn't stop there but also records the name of the month and the day of the week. All this, if you please, in a smart, business-like wristwatch not a grandfather clock, as you might expect.

For the Man

From a stock of imported velveteens of excellent colors which they fortunately have on hand, Levy Bros. will whip up a faultlessly tailored host coat of supreme comfort for his leisure hours by the family fire-side... A gift for the man with a hobby for making things is a cinch—his cup of happiness will run over at the sight of a new piece of machinery, or a gadget, or something that he can use in connection with the work that preoccupies him during leisure hours. Aikenhead's is happy hunting ground for such tools and machinery. They have, for instance, something called the Power King Homecraftsman Outfit which includes such things as jig saws, bench saws, a Walker-Turner Gap Bed Lather, an electric motor, and a number of other items that probably won't mean a thing to you but will make him think he is in machinists' heaven.

A pair of Dack shoes is just about tops as a man's gift, and the fine thing about it is that you needn't become involved in the chancy matters of style, size and so on, if you take care of the whole thing with one of Dack's Shoe Merchandise Warrants.

Everyone talks about the weather, so why not make it possible for him to get a little advance information on the subject so that he can speak with authority when there's a fishing trip ahead or any other outdoor sport? It's a simple matter to do so with a Taylor Fairfax Stormo guide which forecasts the state of the weather twelve to twenty-four hours ahead. Besides being a useful prophet to have around the house it's handsome, too, in its square black plastic case trimmed with contrasting chromium.

Looking for the unusual? Then you might cast your eyes in the direction of Ecco Identities, a plain gold filled or sterling curved plaque ready to be engraved with name, number, and all other pertinent information. On a chain to clasp it around the wrist. You'll find them at most jewelry shops.

Waterman, the pen and pencil people of great renown, have an excellent suggestion for the gift for the man who wears the King's uniform. There are several sets at various prices, in a case that fits snugly with nary a bulge in the tunic pocket. And these sets are available in colors to match the uniforms of the three services.

If he's one of those men whose day of work doesn't stop when he closes the door of his office behind him a Remington Portable will make the business of keeping his nose to the grindstone a much pleasanter and easier task.

For the Woman

A nice balance between utility and beauty is offered by Kenwood Floral-tint blankets woolly and warm. These come in the most attractive colors one could wish to find, all keyed to the best-loved flowers: larkspur, yellow aster, willow green, hollyhock, zinnia, briar rose... Haughty, long-stemmed roses glowing with color, each with a leaf autographed with the Dale name, will carry one's Christmas wishes along with their own message of beauty... A beautifully tailored house robe is the backbone of any woman's leisure-time wardrobe. Jagger House

has a honey in one it calls "the Norma" made of pure wool flannel and tailored to give her long sylph-like lines. There's a choice of no less than thirty-two colors and, if she stems from the land of the heather, it can be had in one of the many authentic tartans.

The gleam of fine crystal on her dinner table is the source of intense satisfaction to any woman. If you are thinking of adding to her household treasures investigate Clapper-ton crystal of exclusive design to be found in most of the best jewellery and department stores. It's made of the finest full lead crystal, and the design is exceptionally pleasing... And of course, the woman who makes no secret of the fact that she is "collecting Spode," offers absolutely no problems as a giftee. Add to her collection, and she'll be happy about the whole thing.

Any man who wants to buy her something to wear need only do a little intelligence work to discover the name of the sales girl on whom she depends at Creed's. The rest is simply a matter of discussion between him and the sales girl—the result, a gift that will have the mark of intelligent selection... The Florists' Telegraph Delivery will take care of your Christmas giving by delivering at her door anywhere in Canada your flowers and your Christmas wishes... If she's a woman of many activities as who isn't these days? a portable Corona typewriter would do much to help her whip through her correspondence at a speedier gait... Among other things, Holt-Renfrew's collection of handbags and gloves offers an unusually wide choice of finely made important accessories. One of their hand-bags, especially, is famous among active women for it has space for practically everything—and that's high praise for a woman's hand-bag!

Lasting

If it's to be a lasting gift designed to become one of his or her most cherished possessions, an Elgin watch should fill the bill on both counts. They are designed to mark the time as faithfully as the stars in their courses. It is imperative, too, that anything consulted as often as a watch should be good to look upon, and they meet this requirement admirably also. Among the many handsome members of the Elgin family we might mention, just for instance, the Lady Elgin with 14K rose gold filled case fashioned in tiny little steps that mount to a high curved crystal or again for instance, the Lord Elgin with the oblong extremely thin lapped 14K natural gold case and a good straightforward face that a man could wear with pride.

Tree Dressing

War has changed even Christmas tree decorations. Essential industry needs the trimmings. So this year it's a white Christmas trees with snow-laden branches, trees with their natural dress of gleaming white.

This sparkling snowy effect is simply achieved with soap suds—fine diamonds whipped up to fluffiness. A tree is made to look as if snow had just fallen on it, and thousands of points of light wake it up to make it scintillate. "One thinks of a sunny morning after soft flakes have come tumbling down," says Mrs. William Lacy-Smith, one of Canada's war guests who has decorated her children's Christmas trees this year with homemade snow.

"I used an eggbeater to whip up a box of Lux flakes with two cups of warm water and got handfuls of suds," explained Mrs. Smith when she told how she beat it until it was stiff, then spread the white fluff on the branches of the tree before it was dry and shook a little artificial snow on it to make her "snow" shine even more.



The plain jumper which rates high with school and college girls, here becomes the background for several forms of easily duplicated effects. Tiny flowers of many colors, made of felt, are sewn on necklace fashion.



The silhouette of a football player indicates where the loyalties are.



A fish cut out of felt and appliqued, provides a decorative color note.

"This bright idea is a new one to me, like a good many other novelties I've run across in Canada," states Mrs. Smith. "Of course I am washing now for inexpensive ways to do things." Mrs. Smith left London with her baby son and small daughter when the blitz came and is now living in Toronto, headquarters of the Canadian company for which her husband worked in London when war broke out. Capt. Lacy-Smith, a veteran of Dunkirk, is now fighting in Libya.

Mink Coat—Fifty Cents

The furs donated by Retail Furriers of Toronto, to be sold to raise money for Medical Aid to Russia, are now assembled, ready for the Fur Fashion show for Friday night, December 19, in Massey Hall, Toronto. (Admission free!) They are beautiful and valuable; each one is a piece of which its donor is proud.

Everyone talks about the mink coat, and how marvellous it would be to win it for fifty cents, but every piece in this collection would be a lucky win. The mink coat is worth approximately \$3,000. It is made (Continued on Next Page)



Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
Beauty Preparations

There is a natural charm that attracts you, like a shaft of sun, light and long as brilliant under "dusk" or "dawn". It is a blend of natural, clear-skinned loveliness which goes much to the Yardley Lavender and the Yardley Beauty Preparations.

Always remember the secret of true beauty is in the skin. Informal—also—see \$15.00.

RENOIR who immortalized the luscious and languid beauty of the women of the last century and whose centenary is being celebrated in a comprehensive exhibition of his paintings in the Duveen Galleries in New York is the big inspiration behind the mid-season collection of Milgrim, John Frederic, Sally Victor and Lilly Daché hats. In the Renoir tradition they are using taffeta, satin, striped materials, feathers, flowers and ribbons in sailor, cloche and bonnet types. Renoir pink and green in combination is a favorite color scheme.

Mme. Daché in creating her gem-like collection uses her two new perfumes called "Dashing" and "Drifting" in a two-way hat theme for she says "the two-faced woman is today's ideal—one face for dashing about on the days of usefulness, the other for drifting into hours of fun and relaxation."

The Glassy Look

Her "dashing" hats displayed on a beautiful Power's model (vivacious and brunette) are perky, firm on the head, and some of them even go so far as to keep your ears warm if you want them to. The "drifting" hats are exotic and lovely and at their coming-out party in Daché's own apartment were worn by an exquisite blonde bearing a strong resemblance to the famous Renoir type. In this last hat group the painted faces of little women gazed out from the hearts of full blown flowers, wools and ribbons were caught into dream bouquets and scintillating glass flowers were mixed with jewels and perched high above the hat crown to look for all the world like Chinese jade trees. Again, floating chiffon squares like huge handkerchiefs were looped into tied-on turbans and strewn with chiffon flowers to envelop the head in a cloud of loveliness.

Little satin sailors to wear with fur coats, cloches, hoods, turbans and toques were featured among the dashing hats. The latter two were shown in a completely new line. They dipped far down over the right eye while the left side remained behind the pompadour. Of prophetic importance were three lovely models; a reverse tricorn, that is with the point at the back and the flat side slanting over the forehead. Then there was the reversible hat—a soft pliable brushed angora which could be worn inside out and crushed any way on the head. The hook-and-eye cloche was the third member to stir excitement.

Cartwheels and Baskets

The reversible was shown in two versions—one a huge cartwheel with edges stiffened by a felt band and two Chinese jade pins to hold it into whatever shape desired; the other, a peach basket cloche of green brushed angora was edged with a garland of flowers in a variety of colors and intended to be turned towards the face or away from it. The hook-and-eye cloche is the answer to any woman's prayer. It is a cuffed band of felt tapering at the ends and ending in a mammoth hook and eye of gold metal. These clasps fasten under the hat at the back and in so doing make a cloche of most practical simplicity; but for excitement, there's a bit of frou-frou that's fastened to a round colored lace or a mass of flowers to be slipped into the hair at the open top so that it will cascade down the back.

The Shine of Metal

Always as full of ideas in accessories as in millinery Mme. Daché introduced Hawaiian leis of yarn knitted together for necklaces and mixed with chiffon to be worn like a stole. She showed shining metal collars and cuffs—perfectly plain to give a swan-length to the neck above the new black sweaters or, for other plain necklines, covered with a painted decoration or studded with jewels after the ancient Egyptian collars and bracelets. Muffs, too, made their appearance in mammoth barrel versions and sometimes with fur turbans to match.

No less exciting at this fascinating fashion event were some of the guests as Anna May Wong, who joined her pleasure at the Chinese exhibit in some of the hat creations.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Renoir Goes To The Head

BY WILMA TAIT



A soaring plume in front matches the magenta satin brimmed hat which narrows at the side to a peak over the brow. Designed by Lilly Daché.

She herself was wearing a black mandarin pillbox complete with tassel and snood over her lovely black hair, and her black satin suit designed on Chinese lines had a short jacket rather than the long. Mrs. Paul Leigh, one of the great beauties from England, now living in New York, wore a velvet hat and long matching gloves in the new red Blackamoor shade. Her off-the-face hat was built high with the vivid ostrich plumes after the Renoir manner and revealed to perfection her classic blonde loveliness. Her long hair parted in the middle at the front is smoothly coiffed into a knot at the back. She wore large flower earrings, very sparkling, as did almost everyone else in the room. Mrs. Larry Adler, pretty young English wife of the famous harmonica virtuoso who appeared in Toronto with Andre Kostelanitz and Kenny Baker recently in connection with our War Savings Campaign and more recently with Paul Draper,

was no less lovely in a mink coat with brown felt hat tipped at the front with two gray doves.

Fine Feathers

When the feathers aren't ostrich they're full bodied birds with wide spread wings, it seemed on looking about among these fashionable women, although flowers and veils could still be accountable for much of the charm. Many of the hats were in pastels, blue predominating—and lovely it is in combination with jet. From the color standpoint it appears that natural to beige will have much Spring importance and combinations of color such as purple with green, pink with mauve, and turquoise with royal. One pink disk of a hat, for example, had in its middle a tall slender blue bird—poised for flight! The wearer placed a pale pink rose flatly against her sleekly piled hair and just about over one ear.



The Lawrence De Foe Singers under the direction of the well-known soloist and conductor, Lawrence De Foe, will be at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, in connection with the Christmas and New Year's festivities.

Elizabeth Arden Suggests

For Last Minute Shoppers



HAND-O-TONIK — \$1.25 and \$2.25;

BATH OIL — In amber, Pine or Carnation, \$1.25 and \$2.75

BLUE GRASS PERFUME — Elizabeth Arden's most popular fragrance. Blue Grass Perfume in Horseshoe box, \$6.60; Blue Grass Horse in Satin-Lined box \$5.00; Dram—\$1.50; \$3.15; (with sprinkler top); \$1.35; \$13.75; \$22.00; \$35.00



JUNE GERANIUM BATH SOAP — Individually boxed . . . 75c; 3 in a box \$2.15; 6 in a box, \$4.00; Magnum size, individually boxed, \$1.35; 2 in a box \$2.70;

VELVA BATH MITS—Elizabeth Arden's famous luxury for tub or shower, 75c, \$2.00 and \$3.50

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A NEST OF TABLES Lends its Charm

Smart, useful tables, integrated harmoniously with today's informal settings—graciously attuned to modern living. Featuring 18 different styles, plain or hand carved—combining the charm and loveliness of distinctive craftsmanship. Prices range from \$25.00 up.

LIONEL RAWLINSON LIMITED

647-649 YONGE ST.—TORONTO

Last Call

(Continued from previous page)

from Eastern Quebec skins; seventy skins were used to make it. It is 42 inches long and makes a magnificent coat for either day or evening.

There are three Hudson seal coats. These are made from muskrat skins sheared and dyed, Canadian skins. The one shown in the movie made by Associated Screen News and now showing at neighborhood theatres is worth approximately \$550.

The black Persian Lamb coat is lovely—beautifully cut and made. Persian lamb is getting very scarce and very precious, since it comes from a country now cut off from us by war. There are 22 skins in this coat. It is forty inches long and worth about \$650.

Another favorite of the collection is the Australian Opossum. This is

the softest and warmest fur known and one of the most durable. The coat is three-quarter length and worth about \$650; it is an aristocrat among furs.

There are many other coats in the group; there is a white ermine evening wrap; a silver fox coat, two grey kidskin coats and a hat to match one, a muskrat coat, a mole coat and one of beautiful Alaska sealskin. There is a very smart black caracul jacket and one of brown kid; there is a jacket of silver fox. Many of these furs are becoming very scarce and rare. The grey kidskin comes from China, the black caracul from China and Russia, and the stone martens from Russia. Until the war is over these will be increasingly harder to get and so more and more expensive, particularly as the American market has a tendency to drain ours of its most valuable furs.

DRESSING TABLE

Paging The Plump

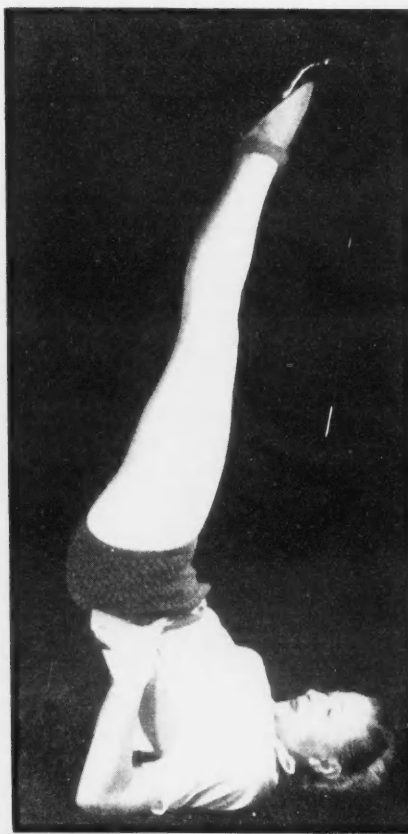
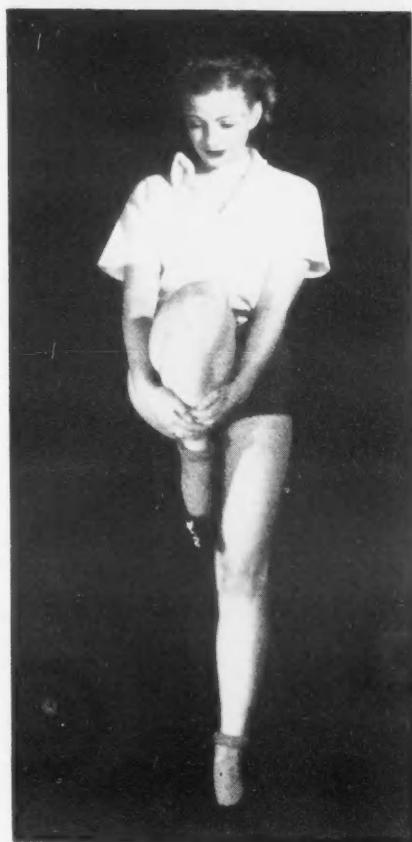
BY ISABEL MORGAN

THERE really isn't much the plump girl can offer in extenuation for being a small edition of the fat lady in the circus. Nor is there any excuse even for those not exactly plump but spreading figures with that bag-tied-in-the-middle look. Unless, of course, the glands that control weight are running wild—in which event one is an immediate case for the medicos. Most figures that are frankly fat or beginning to spread a little are

the result of wrong diet, over-eating and not enough exercise. Now few of us are the hearty sort with either the inclination or the time to tramp at a mad pace over the moors with the rain in our faces as we commune with Nature and ease off the pounds. Fortunately, though, there are less obvious ways of slimming down in the kindly privacy of one's bedroom. And the fine thing about it is that it takes only a little time and equal doses of constance and persistence. The important thing is to choose a few sets of exercises, practice them until proficient, and then to let nothing interfere with the carrying out of them at least once a day.

The photographs on this page show several exercises which will reward one at first with tired sore muscles—the result of bringing those long unused into play. This will pass soon, and then it's time to get out the tape measure and begin to chalk up the diminishing figures on it as the exercises really begin to do their stuff.

The exercises at the left, reading down, not only are excellent for taking off the inches but for limbering every unused muscle in the body. In the first two photographs the knee is clasped and forced up as far to the chin as it will go without bending the spine. The third does wonders for the stomach muscles and the hips. With enough practice one should be able to place hands flat on floor in front of the toes.



This helps to slim the legs so they will look attractive even in cotton stockings. Do as shown below.

This takes practice but once mastered gets results. Place hands under the hips, legs straight, and lift.



Lie flat on the back, with arms at both sides, and with the knees bent. In this position, raise one leg at a time straight up as far as it will go.

GIFTS...

Every gift—from mere trifle to fur coat—will be silver-ribboned in our exclusive Blue-and-Silver Christmas paper—and without extra charge.



The DOMINION'S
BEST KNOWN
CHRISTMAS PACKAGE!

HOLT RENFREW & COMPANY, LIMITED



Oops! This is what happens when the support of the hands is taken away from the hips. The idea is to bring the legs over the head.



—And this is what happens when the exercise attempted above is done correctly. Touch the floor with the toes of the shoes and it's Success!

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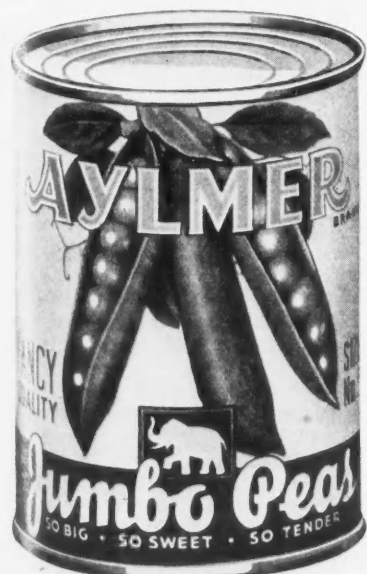


Judith Evelyn, well known in Canada as a former gifted member of the Hart House Players, is seen here with Vincent Price in "Angel Street", in which she plays the lead in New York. Her role is that which Gwen Frangcon-Davies played in the London production, then called "Gaslight". This thriller by Patrick Hamilton tells the story of a monster who terrorizes his numerous wives until they die, when he succeeds to their property. Miss Evelyn is shown as his current victim.



Eileen Law, Toronto contralto, who will be heard with the Apollo Musical Club and the Chicago Symphony in Handel's "Messiah", in Chicago on Friday, Dec. 26 in Orchestra Hall.

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So large, so sweet
so tender! A perfect
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FILM PARADE

Mr. Molnar's Chocolate Soldier

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WHEN I invited a friend to come to *The Chocolate Soldier* she said bluntly she had had all the *Chocolate Soldier* she wanted over the radio, and besides she was spending the afternoon collecting tin foil for her salvage committee. As it turned out she was right. Maybe the best critics are the ones who stay home and attend to the war effort.

On its credit side *The Chocolate Soldier* has the new opera star Miss Risé Stevens. Miss Stevens has a pure and lovely voice which can float and come to rest in its upper register without seeming to vibrate, as so many expensive voices do, on two strings. Her acting talent seems to rest not so much on assurance as on a natural willingness to please, and her beauty has the great distinction of being somewhere within reason.

The Chocolate Soldier also has Nelson Eddy, very much in voice, singing *The Song of the Flea* and *Evening Star* from *Tannhauser*. And naturally it has all the more popular choruses from the original opera, including the theme song with its practically immortal tune and its immortally silly words. ("Come, Come I love you only. Thou art divine.")

The present version has chucked the original *Chocolate Soldier* plot completely, which might have been a good idea if it hadn't substituted the plot of *The Guardsman*. The Ferenc Molnar notion of the husband who doubles as his own rival really belongs to the French or Italian Eighteenth Century opera stage. Mozart could have done something with it no doubt. He would have given it a musical wit texture and grace that would have taken the place of the plot altogether. But *The Guardsman* isn't Mozart, it's Molnar, and very tedious Molnar at that. Even in the hands of the consummate Lunts it was little more than a repetitious conceit developed to three-act length; and in the present version, with Risé Stevens twinkling her best and Nelson Eddy hurrying about like an overwrought Russian bear it just seems like a long fancy waste of production and talent.

H. G. WELLS'S *Kipps* has been extended in title to become *The Great Mr. Kipps*. Apart from this slight variation it remains wonderfully true to its source and is a rich delight.

Kipps, with Wells's short stories, belongs to the best of his early work, perhaps the best of all his work. Under its abundance and comicality it is a sharp close-up study of that

lower-to-middle-class English society from which the author obviously suffered so acutely. The strange phenomenon of the class-society of England never had a more alert observer than H. G. Wells, who worked through all the grades. He understood it in every shade of its snobbery, absurdity and terrible refinement, and though not everything he observed in *Kipps* has reached the screen, everything recorded in *The Great Mr. Kipps* is simon-pure to its origin. You can take your choice of the peculiar delights offered by Mr. Wells's English society at the beginning of the century. My favorite, on the screen as in the novel, remains Mrs. Bindon Botting's awful Anagram Tea.

Michael Redgrave's Kipps and Diana Wynyard's Miss Wintringham are as good as they can possibly be. But Max Adrian's refined and urgent Chester Coote seemed even better than possible, so identical with the original Coote that he might never have existed anywhere else or in any other form.

Carol Reed (*Night Train From Munich* and *The Stars Look Down*) directed *The Great Mr. Kipps*, and directed it with exactly the style, pace and feeling that H. G. Wells himself supplies. It leaves one wondering if the mark of a fine director may not be simply that he leaves no special "touch" beyond the general stamp of high intelligence.

OUR WIFE presents Ruth Hussey as a lady scientist who takes time off from atom-splitting to enjoy a South-American luxury cruise. During the trip she inadvertently shanghai's Melvyn Douglas. And of course they loathe each other on sight and fall madly in love the next minute. Only Melvyn Douglas already has a wife (Ellen Drew), a beautiful horrid girl who wants to drag him down into a gutter lined with diamonds. (His metaphor, not mine.) Well, presently there they are all three shut up in his magnificent Long Island home. Ruth is much too distracted by love to get her mind back on splitting atoms, and Ellen has made it clear that there's no question of splitting Melvyn. To make things worse Ellen falls downstairs and then settles down in the best bed-room, pretending to be paralyzed from the waist down, and she won't move, not even after Ruth has set the house on fire. You may be sure all these teasing problems are settled in the end, leaving room only for wonder how in the world they ever write them so silly.

Cold Comfort

Children's mental growth is faster in the autumn and winter than in spring and summer, a University of California psychologist reports. Science News Letter.

I AM glad that a university professor has said that people are dumber in the spring and summer.

For up until now I have modestly shrunk.

From doing more than think this thought that I have often thunk:

We Canadians are near-perfect creatures and he is a renegade or national rotter.

Who claims that he would get on just as well some other place where it is hotter.

But the professor's thesis

Has of course knocked my reluctance all to pieces.

For he has established it as irrefutable

That the best brains are found where the weather is the most suitable;

And if anyone thinks he can find more fall and winter packed into one climate than Canada's I'd like to see him try.

For here spring is a short season just before summer, and summer comes on the first fine day of July.

So next time you think you are crazy to be heaping coal on a furnace, consider how lucky you are not to be sowing the seeds of mental degradation

By fishing, or sunbathing, or golfing, or swimming under the warmer skies of some other nation;

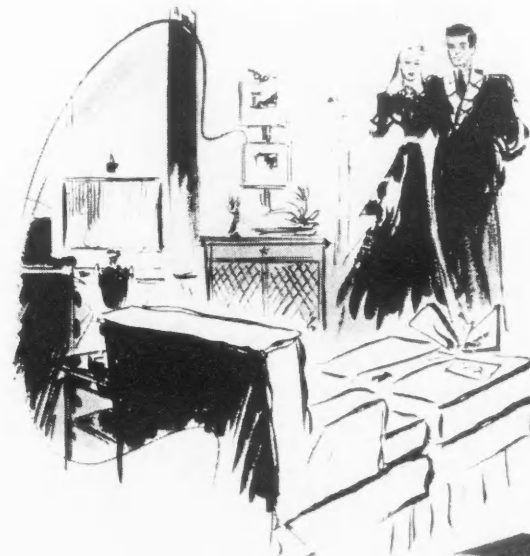
And each time you shovel your way out of a snowdrift that reaches to the second story

Reflect that you are achieving wisdom that you would not exchange for that of Solomon in all his glory.

STUART HEMSLEY.

FURNITURE

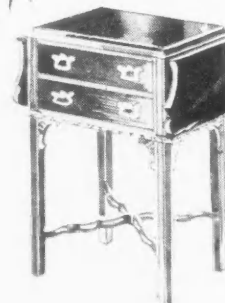
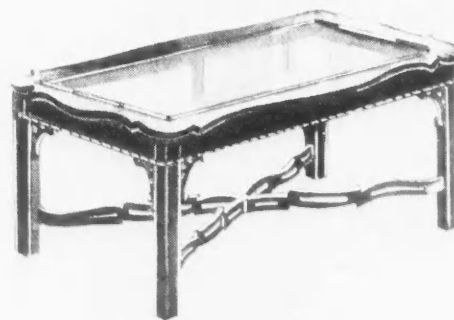
is always welcome



"WELCOME" is always on the mat when furniture from Simpson's arrives on Christmas morning! And this is the Christmas for gifts that will keep on giving pleasure in the home where everyone may enjoy them. Come down to Simpson's Furniture Floor and we'll help you solve your perplexing gift problems with a friendly table or an inviting chair—from a wide selection of the really good designs for which Simpson's is noted.

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COMMODORE in traditional 18th Century style. Walnut or mahogany. 27.75



WOMAN'S DESK in an unusually graceful design. Walnut or mahogany. \$45

COCKTAIL TABLE in an 18th Century Chippendale style. Walnut or mahogany. Practical glass top. 29.75

THE BACK PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Back Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Back Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

WORLD OF WOMEN

A Salvage Adviser In London

BY DOROTHY BLACK

THOUGH the public show tremendous enthusiasm during the salvage drives it is essential to keep them salvage-minded week in and week out all the year.

To deal with this problem the Royal Borough of Kensington showed enterprise in appointing three full time salvage advisers, and I was among those chosen. We are the only three of our kind in Great Britain—in the world for that matter, I imagine—and the idea is entirely experimental.

I think I can best describe us as liaison officers between the public, the dustmen (who collect our salvage), and the Borough Council. We canvass shops, houses, flats, etc. from nine till five roughly every day, and persuade the public to save waste paper and cardboard, rags, tins, bottles and bones, and to put them in separate piles beside their refuse bins. You see, the country urgently needs paper and cardboard, previously supplied by Scandinavia, as a substitute for wood pulp, as food containers for troops, and cases for shells; metals and tins make aeroplanes, tanks and guns; rags become fresh textile for sacking, army blankets, uniforms (for instance, to equip the Home Guard alone 14,000,000 lbs. of wool were required); bones, even after they have been in the stock pot or the dog has gnawed them, become glycerine for fertilizer and glue for planes; while bottles and jars are sterilized and sent in thousands back to our factories.

Waste Not

Nothing is wasted in our borough, for our vegetable refuse and garbage go into a special mechanical plant, and become fertilizer for agriculture and top dressing for aerodromes. It is vitally important that salvage is put out separately, as we cannot risk fragments of glass or metal in this special plant, and though we have sorters working all day at our depot on the Thames, paper and cardboard which are clean are, of course, of infinitely greater value.

I was chosen for this job as the Council thought my experience of people in my stage career would be useful, but I think the important thing about all three of us is that we are married women who have brought up families and run homes on limited incomes. We listen to the housewife's point of view, make notes of complaints, and are glad of suggestions. In fact it is up to us to find out if we are getting as much salvage as we ought, and if not, why not. Sometimes it is the housewife's fault, sometimes the Council's, but a personal talk usually solves the difficulty. For example, a complaint that neither salvage nor refuse were collected resulted in the discovery that the dustmen's call at a particular house was at an early hour before the housewife had put her bin out. Another, that our dustmen threw all the separated salvage in with the garbage, was refuted when the housewife examined our vans and saw neat separate receptacles for each lot of salvage inside.

"S. S. Girls"

Our dustmen's attitude towards us, by the way, was a little dubious at first, but when they realized that we were not there as sort of Gestapo spies but to ease their task for them too, we became the best of friends, and most of them are very decent fellows. We are not supposed to know it, but they call us the "S.S. Girls" or "Salvage Sallies".

I was frankly nervous when I first started my work as to the kind of reception I would get, but, although I have interviewed about 80 to a 150 people a day for weeks on end, I have encountered kindness and civility practically wherever I have gone. Our borough is rich in variety, for it includes historic Kensington Palace (scene of Queen Victoria's famous six o'clock call), "Millionaires' Row", foreign legations, de luxe modern flats, tall and derelict Victorian houses, homes of celebrities with

world renowned names—I was green with jealousy over one of my colleague's haul of tins from Epstein himself—and some of the poorest tenements in North Kensington. I was warned that these slums were particularly "tough" and approached them with trepidation. I found their inmates warmer-hearted and more human than almost any other district, and have spent some of my happiest days among them. They haven't much to give in these days of paper shortage and limited tinned goods, but they have a very practical realization of the value of salvage, and organize their "widow's mite" with pride.

Blitz Garden

I should like to add I never cease wondering at the courage of these poor people. Bombed sometimes two and three times they gather up what is left of their humble possessions and start again in some dank and dark basement. "Salvage Miss?" they say to me, "if it's going to beat that there Hitler we'll put it out!" And some of them put up a really remarkable show under drab conditions. In a particularly sordid street I came across a minute garden crammed with flowers including hydrangeas and cosmos, and above a window-box full of yet more flowers, a Cape canary singing cheerily in a gilded cage. The owner, a grey-haired woman with a shining rosy face, showed me also her back kitchen garden, in which she had produced at least a dozen different kinds of vegetables in a few square feet, and had even coaxed a stunted apple tree to grow and bear one solitary but glorious apple! Needless to

SOFT TEARS

SOFT tears as gentle as the breeze that blows
The summer by on dandelion clocks.
Sweet tears like misty rain at even's close
When shepherds count their dimly woolly flocks,
No tears of mine can imitate such grace;
Rather a turbulent stream, a whirl-pool race
To overwhelm the dam my eyelids try
(How oft in vain) to hold.
I cannot cry
So that the sunshine banishing the shower
Lights only on a dewdrenched, smiling flower.
Montreal, Que. DONNA.

say, her salvage arrangements were perfect, and I went away feeling Hitler might beat many things, but never the spirit of the British housewife.

Most of these housewives have got to know their "salvage lady", as they call me, and to treat her as a friend, and I find myself advising not only on salvage, but on children's ailments, matrimonial troubles, sanitation, and a hundred other domestic problems. I feel I must put it on record that bachelors and "grass widowers" are especially good about their salvage—is it that men organize better than women, I wonder?

It's very funny, but I'm never allowed to forget salvage even in my private life! My theatre friends all know me now as "Greta Garbage", and wherever I go complete strangers from Hampstead and Chelsea, Aberdeen and Torquay and Cardiff, when they hear what my job is, tackle me about their salvage problems at tea and dinner and sherry parties. At a recent rather smart war wedding I saw puzzled guests coming the way of another guest and myself enthusiastically talking refuse over the champagne!

During our fortnight Salvage



Miss Margaret Woods, London's Auxiliary Ambulance Service, represents her Unit at inspection by the Queen. Miss Woods acted with bravery when knocked down by a bomb which injured three colleagues and blew off the body of her ambulance, she got the engine running, took the injured to hospital. She is of the staff of Elizabeth Arden Salon, London.

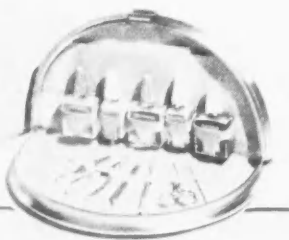


Two of Britain's W.V.S. members examine some of the thousands of old silk stockings sent in. Legs of the stockings are used by airmen for extra warmth under socks. The feet are used to keep bandages clean.



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CONCERNING FOOD

On Your Way, 1941

BY JANET MARCH

IF YOU are one of those simple souls who imagined that Christmas shopping was going to be a beautiful quest because of the urgings to make this an economical Christmas with the family's cache of War Savings Stamps growing instead of the piles of presents below the tree, you are disillusioned by now. The mental vision of a leisurely stroll through the aisles of Christmas presents from which you could choose at ease the very few and particular things which you intended to buy turned out to be a myth. As ever you risked your life and limb in a rapidly revolving door to which had been pasted signs saying "Slowly Please" which I can never remember as being necessary in other more peaceful and presumably more extravagant years. You waited in savage crowds for elevators already jammed to bulging point. You waved frantically at tired looking salesgirls, and ended by buying the simplest, least inspired and most obvious presents. The Red Cross, when you reached it thirty minutes late under the baleful eye of your convener, looked like a quiet haven of peace. Well, well, here goes Christmas 1941. Going! Going! Gone! Sold to the small-Asiatic gentleman with horn rimmed spectacles.

This year the holidays are a little longer, and all parents are devoutly praying for cold fine weather so that Christmas skis and fancy skates may be used. Ham is a good thing to have on hand with which to deal with the appetites which go along with winter sports. Have you ever tried cooking it with cranberries?

Ham and Cranberries

- 1 ham, about 8 pounds
- Cloves
- 1 pound of cranberries
- 1½ cups of sugar
- 2 cups of water

Parboil the ham for an hour, and while it is cooking make the cranberry sauce. Put the berries, sugar and water on to cook, and boil slowly in a covered pan for about ten minutes till the skins break, then skin and let cool. When the ham has boiled an hour drain it and wrap

it in heavy wax paper and put in a roasting pan in a coolish oven 275 to 300 for about two and a half hours. When you take it from the oven skin it, score with a sharp knife and stick with cloves. Then put it back in the pan and pour on half the quantity of cranberry sauce strained and return to a slow oven for forty-five minutes. For the first hot serving pour on the balance of the sauce just before taking it to the table.

If you get a little bored with your ham before it is quite finished here is a recipe for

Ham Loaf

- 3 tablespoons of butter
- 5 tablespoons of brown sugar
- 3 slices of pineapple
- 1 pound of cooked ground ham
- ½ pound of fresh ground pork
- ½ cup of breadcrumbs
- ¼ cup of milk
- 2 eggs
- Pepper

Melt the butter in the pan in which you are going to bake the loaf, add the sugar and stir until it is melted then put in the pieces of pineapple which should be cut in halves and should cover the bottom of the pan. Mix the pork and ham, and eggs beaten slightly, add the crumbs, the milk and pepper, and spread on top of the sugar and pineapple and bake in a hot oven 350 to 400—for about an hour. This loaf is good served either hot or cold.

Another useful thing in holiday time is a substantial cake which is filling, and which doesn't get stale overnight. Try this

Applesauce Cake

- ½ cup of shortening
- ¾ cup of brown sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 cups of thickish applesauce
- 2 cups of chopped raisins
- 1 cup of chopped dates
- 1 cup of chopped nuts
- 3 cups of flour
- 2 teaspoons of baking soda
- 2 teaspoons of cinnamon

- 1½ teaspoons of cloves
- Salt

Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon and ground cloves. Cream the shortening very thoroughly, and then add the sugar and next the eggs. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the applesauce, and lastly beat in the fruits and nuts. Turn into greased baking pans and bake in a slowish oven about 325 for about an hour.

Here is another recipe for a fruitcake.

Fruitcake

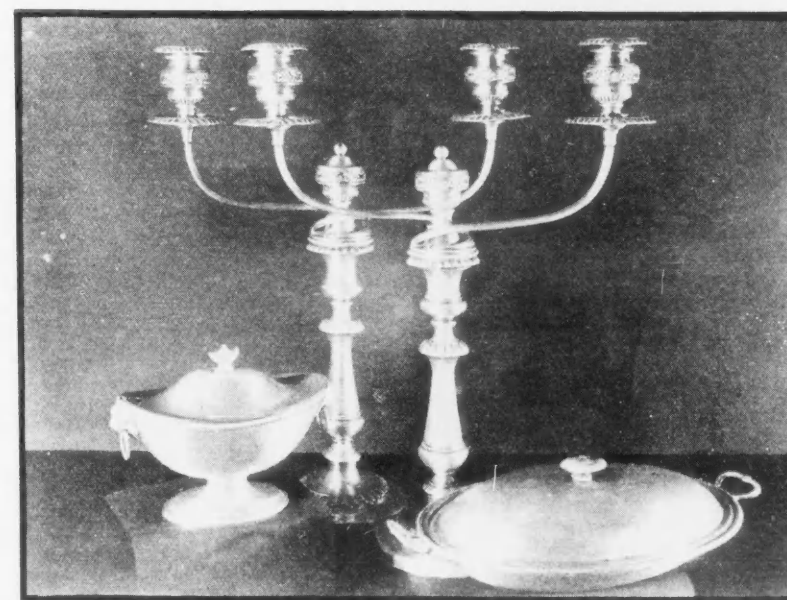
- ½ cup of shortening
- 1 cup of granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- ½ cup of molasses
- ½ cup of sour milk
- 2 cups of flour
- 1 teaspoon of baking soda
- Salt
- 1 teaspoon of cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon of allspice
- ¼ teaspoon of cloves
- ¼ teaspoon of mace
- 1 cup of seeded raisins
- ½ cup of currants
- ½ cup of shredded citron
- ½ cup of minced candied orange peel
- ½ cup of chopped maraschino cherries
- ½ cup of chopped almonds
- ½ teaspoon of orange extract

Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt and spices thoroughly. Cream the shortening, add the sugar and then the eggs, and next the molasses. Stir in the fruits and nuts alternately with the sour milk, and when it is all well mixed pour into pans lined with wax paper. Cover the tops tightly with wax paper and steam for an hour, and then bake in a slow oven 250 for about an hour. Take the wax paper off the tops for the last quarter of an hour.

Both these recipes are pretty rich and rather extravagant for war time, but a smallish piece of either of them will dress up a simple fruit salad dessert in a quick and satisfactory way, and the possession of a fruitcake at Christmas is regarded by most housekeepers as a necessity.



Ham, scored and garnished, glistening with the brown lacquer of its juices, makes a festive appearance at the table during Christmas week.



Irish antiques recently arrived in Canada include these silver pieces. Old Sheffield plated sauce tureen with lion's head ring handles (left); Sheffield three-light candelabra with unusual gadroon mount (center); one of set of four elongated oval entree dishes. Birks-Ellis-Ryrie.

This Army Mans Another Front

BY LEONORA McNEILLY

MARTIAL music, the flash of brass buttons, the steady tramp, tramp, of uniformed women in the service of King and country, are in the air. But in the air too is the patient plodding of that vast army of women who do fatigue duty, and who, at this Yuletide season, hasten to keep the home fires burning. For Christmas is unbelievably near.

To this great army belongs the happy-faced lassie wearing a blue bonnet with a red ribbon on it. She ranks high in the world of women who give of themselves in the service of humanity.

She may be heard ringing a bell in the busy downtown sections. She may be seen patiently standing beside a little pot swinging from a tall stand, and which she beckons to passersby to fuel.

Against a background of lawns ablaze with colored lights, shops gay with Christmas trees and holly; Noel's filtering through softly falling snow, and the gay laughter of shoppers scurrying past, heralding the approach of Christmas in its lighter vein, she stands rubbing frost-bitten fingers or stamping cold feet, patiently awaiting the response to the ringing of her bell. Occasionally a coin clatters in, footsteps hasten on to keep the home fires burning.

But if other home fires are to be kept burning, the little pot must be refueled. The thousands of families who have already applied for Christmas cheer, must be serviced.

The blanket of charity which organizations prepare to cover the

needy, is not sufficiently elastic to reach under the chins of those in remote corners. To such, the Salvation Army and its little pot, cater.

And it is a strange concoction that the little pot brews. Its chief ingredient is Christmas cheer. But self-respect, confidence, rehabilitation into a world of honesty and respectability, are its by-products. They are developed out of financial aid, supplemented by the personal touch and untiring watchfulness.

Each Christmas, a personal letter

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

A MILLION stars serenely shone Above the troubled earth, When one the Star of Bethlehem Announced a Savior's birth.

A million stars, austere, remote; Condemn man's foolish ways; But one the Star of Bethlehem Still heralds happier days.

Unnumbered lights that prick the vault, Above these prairies wide, Aloof you still remain to griefs, That human hearts betide.

But O! Thou Star of Bethlehem, Shine forth thy message clear, That Peace on earth, Goodwill shall come,

When Love has conquered Fear.

Calgary, Alta. ELAINE M. CATLEY.

goes out to every inmate of the jails. A similar letter reaches all the inmates of the ex-Convicts' home. Not a circularized, cold, typewritten letter, but a personal one, reading: "Dear Tom," "Dear Dick" or "Dear Harry," as the case may be, each dealing with the special needs of the individual.

This personal touch which paves the way for mental, moral and spiritual uplift, is made possible only through catering to the inner man. The results are stupendous. Of these ex-convicts, who, through the kind ministrations of certain philanthropists are eventually given positions of trust, which put them on their mettle, 90% have proven themselves trustworthy.

The little pot is the nucleus for this build-up. With its aid, 2,500 twenty-five cent chocolate bars are distributed to every man in jail, in the ex-Convicts' Home, the Old Men's Hostel, the Women's and Girls' Hostels and to the Aged Men's Home.

Out of this pot and its adjuncts must materialize at least 1,000 hampers of twenty different articles of food, meat and vitamin-containing foods. Into the home of little children who watch from frost-etched windows for Santa and his reindeer, they must find their way.

For Santa is not always translated in terms of toys. Sometimes his bounty takes the form of "Jiggs and Maggie"; sometimes, just a hungry man's meal.

If, however, Christmas cheer is to be distributed to these unfortunates,

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the public will have to stoke for all it is worth to keep the pot boiling; to succor the casualties in the march of Time—casualties in the race for life; and to keep that intangible something known as the brotherhood

of man, flitting through cold cheerless homes, warming them, giving them a new perspective, the happy knowledge that someone cares, and that they are still a link in the great chain of humanity.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week the sesquicentennial of the death of Mozart continued to influence local programs, with the addition of a little of Beethoven and Brahms, who carried to more emotional lengths the tradition of "absolute Music". Mozart was the predominant factor in concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the Hart House Quartet; and in addition the always distinguished and poetic pianist Alberto Guerrero gave a recital of Mozart Sonatas.

It is related that one day in 1787, when Mozart was busily engaged on the score of his opera "Don Giovanni", he had a visit from an awkward, unkempt youth of 16 who wished to play for him. The composer acquiescing, he sat down at the piano and improvised with such originality and skill that Mozart said solemnly to others present: "Keep your eyes on him. Some day he will give the world something to talk about." That day came (though not within Mozart's lifetime), for the visitor was none other than Ludwig van Beethoven. It was fitting therefore that the climax of T.S.O.'s concert last week should have been a superb rendering by Ernest Seitz of Beethoven's Piano Concerto, No. 5 in E flat, nicknamed by contemporaries (not by the composer), the "Emperor" because of its grandiose character. Some time ago I read a complaint that the phrase "the Beethoven Piano Concerto" seems to inevitably mean the "Emperor". It was by a writer who liked Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto better, and thought that like

his Fourth Symphony it had been unjustly neglected. Let us hope that Mr. Seitz will one day play the Fourth Concerto also, in association with Sir Ernest MacMillan. His performance of the "Emperor" showed that no contemporary pianist anywhere is better qualified to revive it.

On nearly all occasions Mr. Seitz shows himself possessed of a grasp of the inner meanings and mysteries of a great work, such as few artists possess. The beautiful thing about his pianism is that his technical mastery is so sure and authoritative that he is able to give complete expression to his conceptions. His touch has always been lovely and poetic in the expression of varying moods; and his flawless ease of execution in the most brilliant ornamentation was constantly manifested throughout this particular masterpiece. He had perfect collaboration from Sir Ernest and the orchestra; the whole rendering had a breadth and nobility of style completely enthralling.

The Mozart numbers selected by Sir Ernest could not have been better chosen to exemplify the genius of the composer as it was known in his lifetime, before the "Requiem" was given posthumously to mankind. In his last years he was best known to Vienna and Prague (where he always had an enthusiastic following) as an operatic composer. In two of his most delightful overtures, "Don Giovanni" and "Così fan Tutte", Sir Ernest revealed a discerning sense of their individual qualities. The touch of mystery he gave to the first named was especially effective. I learned quite recently, by the way, that da Ponte, the librettist of "Don Giovanni", called on Casanova for suggestions—surely a most perspicacious choice.

Only on rare occasions do we hear any of Mozart's Country Dances, and the series of eight selected and arranged by Fritz Steinbach was in raciness and vigor a contrast to the courtly elegance of most of the composer's music. Steinbach had this in common with Mozart, that after creating a sensation as a conductor in Britain and Germany he died in 1917 at the age of 32. Of the courtly type of music in which Mozart excelled a capital example was the Symphonie Concertante for violin and viola, played with Elie Spivak and Cecil Figelski as soloists. It is sunny music of the rococo order, rich in delicious and urbane instrumental devices. Both soloists played with beauty of tone and neat, vivacious expression.

young composer a "barbarian". But Haydn said: "If Mozart wrote this he must have done so with good reason." To our modern ears, accustomed to lavish use of dissonances, the offending passage as heard last week seemed a trivial thing to make a fuss about.

The Quintet in G minor (K 516) has roused controversy on different grounds. It calls for an extra viola, supplied by Mr. Figelski, which produced a most attractive tonal difference. The work is not the less beautiful because in the main it is in a sorrowful mood, and is more introspective than most of the composer's music. The Adagio is especially pensive and beautiful in woeful suggestion. But in the concluding Allegro the composer becomes buoyant, more like the familiar Mozart. An English critic, W. J. Turner, seized on this lapse from intensity, this apparent inability to sustain a highly-wrought spiritual mood, as proof that Mozart was not the peer of Bach or Beethoven, and was not "the world's greatest composer". Well, that is neither here nor there. It is sufficient that despite his unparalleled invention and facility, he remained great, and was always himself.

The Hart House Quartet played both Mozart works with fluency, grace, and tasteful expression.

Sterner stuff was the Brahms' Sextet in G major, opus 36, for two violins, two violas and two cellos. The added artists were Mr. Figelski and Leo Smith, who fitted beautifully into the ensemble. It is a noble and dramatic structure with an infinite variety of appealing moods. It has a romance attached to it. When he finished it Brahms said, "In this I have freed myself of my last love". She was Agathe von Siebold, and one of the themes built on the sequence A-G-A-D-E refers to her. He had become attached to her five years before, because she sang well although plain of face. She thought they were affianced, but he explained that he wanted friendship not marriage. He felt that he was paying off his debt to her when he composed this Sextet as a tribute. She wisely married another, and this marriage was responsible for a rare gift to the world. The famous "Cradle Song", most popular of all his compositions, was composed and dedicated to her on the birth of her second child. So we owe a great example of chamber music and an immortal lyric to Agathe.

Oxford Press Program

In last week's review of the beautiful inaugural concert of the Canadian Trio, allusion was made to the fact that the new organization was under



Lucille Manners, soprano, will sing with the Columbia Opera Company at Massey Hall, week of Dec. 29. Nine operas will be given at three matinees and six evening performances.

the management of Oxford University Press, which, it must not be forgotten, is one of the largest of English music publishing concerns apart from its religious and literary activities. Its Canadian manager, Mr. W. H. Clarke, proposes to direct the tours of several groups and individuals in addition to the Canadian Trio. They include Portia White, the Halifax colored contralto; Ernesto Vini, her teacher, a distinguished baritone; the Conservatory String Quartet; the Harpsichord Ensemble (Ettore Mazzoleni, conductor); Malcolm and Godden, duo-pianists; and Kathleen Paylow and Sir Ernest MacMillan in sonata recitals.



Members of Boris Volkoff's Canadian Ballet are seen here rehearsing for their Christmas performances on Dec. 26 and 27. Favorite ballets from repertoire will be given.

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AT THE THEATRE

The Student Prince Again

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

They are learning to depend on cheap tricks and on a robustious, empty style of acting to get them through their parts. They would do well to change their ways unless they want to spend the rest of their lives touring in *passé* musical shows.

Much of the blame for the unsatisfactory nature of this performance must be laid upon the conductor. He sought to give new life to the familiar music by playing ducks and drakes with the time. So frenzied was his conducting that the choruses were robbed of their appeal and the principals were forced to shout in order to be heard. Indeed, if he continues in his present course he will seriously injure every voice in the company. Matters were not improved by the use of a public address system which amplified every note and made some of the numbers sound like the performances of an old-fashioned gramophone. The male chorus, which is one of the delights of *The Student Prince*, was never given a

chance to show what it could do, and perhaps the gentlemen in it who have adopted the unsound practice of singing out of one corner of their mouths have done so in a despairing attempt to be heard above the orchestral din.

These are harsh words, but there are rays of light in the darkness. Lloyd Harris sang well as Dr. Engel, the prince's tutor, and seemed to have a private understanding with the conductor that he was not to be rushed. Robert Davis, who sang the part of the Prince, has a very pleasant voice, and he should not allow anyone to make him shout. Watson Barret's settings for the Prologue and for Act III, consisting of beautifully painted cloths, were magnificently effective, and the music came through its ordeal in a manner highly creditable to Mr. Romberg.

Coming Events

AS A Russian-born musician who has lived in the British Empire during most of his lifetime, and thirty years of it in Canada, Mr. Boris Hambourg has undertaken to organize a "Salute to Russia" concert at Massey Hall on January 10, with an all-Russian program to be executed by famous Russian guest artists. The entire net proceeds will go to the provision of medical aid to Russia, through the Canadian Red Cross. Benno Rabinof, the great violinist, has consented to appear, and other eminent artists, among them a soprano and a pianist, are in correspondence with Mr. Hambourg with a view to performing. There will be no ideological limitations upon the music performed, which will be of both pre- and post-Brest-Litovsk vintage.

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 The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.
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THE OTHER PAGE

Another Christmas

BY ERNEST BUCKLER

CHRISTMAS comes to the city too, in a way. . . The air is clean and cold that day and in the streets the faces come alive and sometimes childlike, and people smile at strangers. This one day there is the strange warmth and excitement and kindness abroad, and when the dusk of Christmas Eve falls on the busy streets, for the first time the great green trees with all their artificial lights look happy. When the dark falls, the trees lighted behind the windows seem almost as kind as lamp-light, and even the shopping crowds feel the strange stir in their hearts as if something incredibly thrilling were about to happen. . .

INSIDE the apartment, Eve in her cool sure way had everything bright and in order. The other lights were carefully subordinated to the glimmer of the tree which stood in one corner with a few exotically wrapped packages of assorted sizes piled beneath it. The table glowed properly with simple crystal and silver and a single English holly centrepiece. The wine bottles each had a great bow of red ribbon. Eve herself with her easy silver way and luminous skin moved among the guests, listening, talking, and laughing with her pale bright laugh, like beads falling. They often wondered why Steve never wrote about women like his wife. He always wrote about the simple girls he had known as a child in the country. This party Eve had arranged specially for him because it was an occasion. His first book was just out, and even the most chronically churlish reviewers had used no adjective smaller than "great." It ought to be the best Christmas Steve had ever had.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" "Merry Christmas!" they were all shouting. . . the women with their quick eyes and nervous bodies and the men who could hold a glass in that casual way Steve had never quite mastered; and laughing with them, with the wine lifting vaguely inside him, it felt like Christmas all right, the real thing, he thought. The bright things they said seemed very funny, with the wine, and he liked these people.

My dear, you should see the strange package I found tucked away in Toby's closet. It must be for me and I'm simply frantic about it. It all goes up to a peak, but he *sicurs* it isn't a metronome. . .

"No thanks, Eve, I'm sticking to Scotch tonight. The other seems to upset my metabolism or something. . ."

"Good King Wenceslas . . . how about a chorus of Good King Wenceslas? . . . I like the part where it goes *Stee-ee-ven*. What do you know, it is the feast of Stephen, isn't it? Eh, Steve?"

"We ran into Anne's on the way over and she had the most adorable little asp . . . all reindeers and things, even to the antlers. . ."

"That's damn good stuff, Steve. . . We should have Jackie here. . . he knows the most *salacious* little parody on 'The Night Before Christmas'. Have you heard Jackie. . ."

"Why don't we call him? He'd be at Ginny's."

"But Ginny is *especially* dull on Christmas Eve, don't you think. . ."

"and of course in one corner, very seriously, over cigarettes."

"I suppose what Shaw really meant, it meant anything at all. . ."

"But really his *udes* are appalling. . . they're all so sort of utilitarian, if you see what I mean. . ."

"Why don't we attack for once, don't you think. . ."

AND then they were talking about Steve's book.

"It's uncanny, Steve, the way you seem to see right through people. It takes me definitely uneasy. . ."

"Nice going, old man, *damn* nice going."

"That part about the little country girl. . . what's her name, Ellen or something? . . . that's *really* cute, Steve. . ."

"Cute!"

"But how do you keep from turning handsprings, Steve? To be able to write like that. . . good Lord, it must be so darned wonderful. . ."

"Lucky beggar, you! Only having to work when you *feel* like it. . ."

"So it's wonderful to write, he thought. So it's such an easy job."

Well, you don't know how white paper can be. You don't know what it is like in the ghost-world of words.

AT FIRST it had been a great new space to walk into and wonder, it was exciting to be another-time-and-space builder yourself, and you had a pity for the others with only one narrow life to live, their own, as it was. But then the real thing got less and less, because you were always watching it, it was only something to tell. And the first day you tried to tell a thing that had happened, truly, and the right-feeling words would not come, the ones that had a move and a speaking in them, the ones that brought the thing outside you, clearer and shapelier than you had ever thought you knew it. . . the first day those would not come at all but only the springless bones-of-words, and you sat there feeling the white-tight silence of the very doors and everyone else seemed to be busy with something alive, the real thing, and you thought surely in a little while, but you had to get up finally and leave it, you couldn't get your hands on it at all. . . they could not even *guess* what that sort of emptiness was like. And the other times when you did get something truly, then your mind was feverish and swarming with everything there was, to tell. If you walked in the woods then, there was the untold story in the way every single fir-tree was, to tantalize you, the small ones and the large ones and the straight ones and the one that leaned lonesome against the horizon all through the dark secret night. . . there were not only the big things then, the never-to-be-fathomed stuff of space and time, the human heart, the way the face is, the great gossamer-drifting mists of thought, but all the little things too. . . the pebble and the snail's eye and the sleepy cat-thoughts and the worm's track you never saw and the billionth blade of grass. There was more in any one of these little things than you could ever tell in your whole lifetime. . . there was more in the way the wagon-wheels stood there, lonely in the snow, that grey-blustery winter afternoon than you could even suggest. When you came out at dusk with your gun and stood there on the cold hill at the edge of the woods and there were the lonely wagon-wheels with the snow sifting through the spokes, and the dead apple-tree limbs, and you felt that nice lonely feeling about the whole world when it is dusk in the wintertime, and it was quiet, then, like death, when the dying is over and only the stillness is left. . . you couldn't tell that because there were a million things in it to tell, and a million ways to tell every one of them, and only one way for each of them was right. And you tried desperately to find a single light that would come suddenly so that everything would fall into place as if you were looking at a picture that was only broken lines at first but as you looked at it, steadily, suddenly all

the broken lines flowed into a single image, and the separate lines were gone and everything was part of the same thing.

But you never found that single light. . . that single plan. No one ever did. So how could the little separate part you had told matter at all?

AND then they were all gone and he and Eve were alone.

"Shall we open them tonight?" Eve said.

"Why, yes, I think we might as well." He laughed. "I remembered one time when we were children we opened them on Christmas Eve, and then cried afterwards because we had not saved them for morning."

Eve's present for him was a brand new typewriter. She waited for him to exclaim.

"Don't you like it, darling?" she said.

"Of course!" he said. "It's a beauty. But really, Eve, the old one. . ."

"But that one's so old, Stevie. You must have had it ever since you started."

It would be a little hard to explain to Eve, he thought, how he felt about the old typewriter.

The clock struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas!" Eve smiled at him.

"Merry Christmas, darling," he said softly, kissing her.

They were silent.

"What are you thinking about?" Eve said. "That's the trouble with you, Stevie, I never know what you're thinking about."

HE WAS thinking about the Christmas he got the new skates.

He had gone with his father the afternoon before for the Christmas tree, and he had wondered how his father could be so calm. He knew he could never get calm about Christmas, no matter how old he got to be. The snow he prayed for had come and it lay smooth over everything except where the rabbits had made their odd snowshoe tracks across it, and it sparkled in the sun. Strange lips of it hung over the middle of the brook where he could still see the water running under holes in the shell ice. He made rabbit tracks of his own with the end of his mitten, the long-foot ones and the small dot with the thumb where both hind feet came down together. How good his father seemed. How good everyone he thought of seemed that afternoon. That night, when the lamp was lit and the fascinating smell of oranges was through the house and his mother busy with all sorts of mysterious things, he would sneak off now and then into the room where the tree was, and put his nose as close as he could to the little blisters of balsam and the places where the bark was skinned away to the glistening trunk beneath. The smell of the fir and the oranges was like a wine in his

senses. Later, in bed, he could hear his mother and father laughing and making strange rustling noises behind the closed kitchen door, and he swam further and further and further off to sleep in an almost intolerably delicious excitement.

And there they were, next morning, the first thing he saw. Gleaming and clean like speed itself. And screwed right onto the boots! That was the wonderful part. He was afraid they might be spring skates but these ones were screwed right onto the boots like the big boys' skates were.

HE TOOK them down to the meadow that afternoon all by himself. And that was the day. . . he could remember the very time it was in the afternoon, with the dark spruces just beginning to creep closer around the blue meadow-ice. . . that it came to him how to cross your skate over when you turned a corner. So you got the long clean

sweep the bigger boys had when they were so sure of it they could do it faster, or slower, or closer, or we do it any way at all it was so sure with them. Once before on the old spring skates he'd almost got it, but the next time he tried, it was jerky and after that if anyone was looking he wouldn't try to cross over at all and just coast around and bend down to make out he was tightening his *very* lace. But that afternoon. . . and it was lovely that afternoon, he thought, with the new skates and remembering all the time that the Christmas tree and the oranges would still be there when he got home that time he had done it and he didn't know, in his head, just now but he knew it was *right*, that now his eyes knew it, to repeat it whenever they liked. Now he was sure of it. And that first time you crossed over on the new skates and felt the new *very* sure dip of it and knew that you had had it, really had it. . .

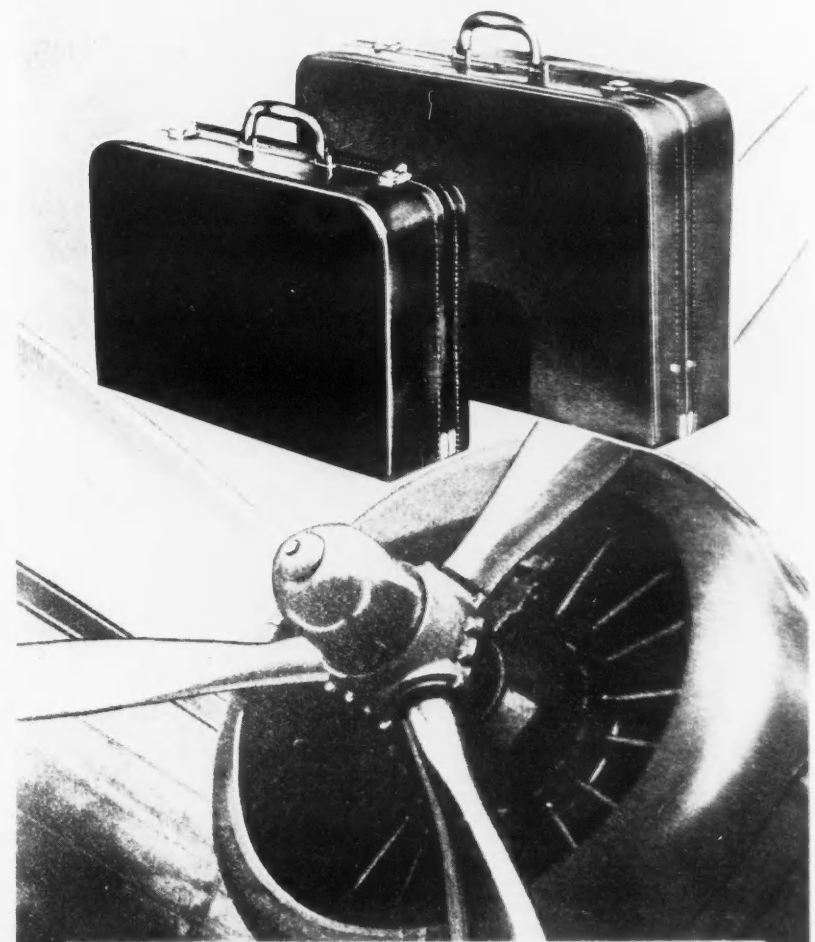
"What are you thinking about, Stevie?" Eve said.

"I was just thinking about one Christmas I got new skates."

"And," Eve laughed, "I suppose you're going to tell me that your skates made Christmas more or less than a best-seller?" Stevie laughed, you're getting sentimental in your old age."

"It's just possible," he said.

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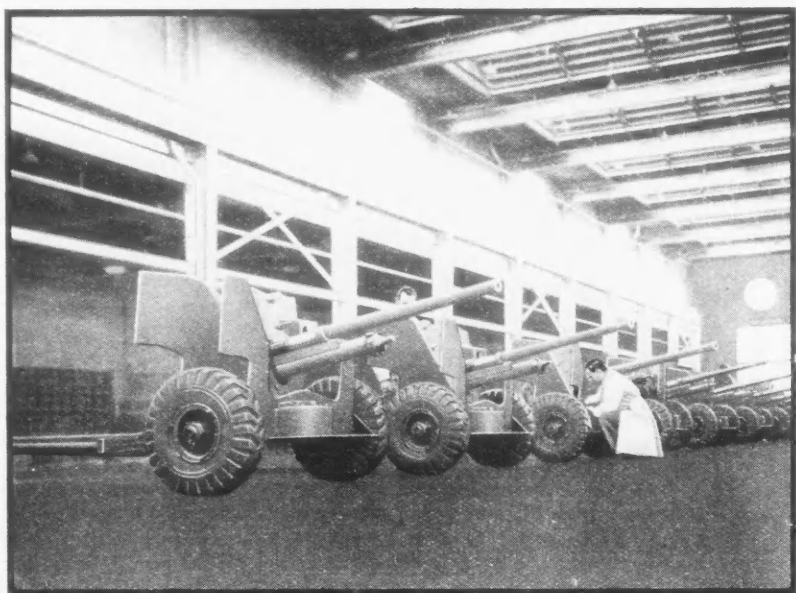
The Queen and the Pussy-Cat

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?

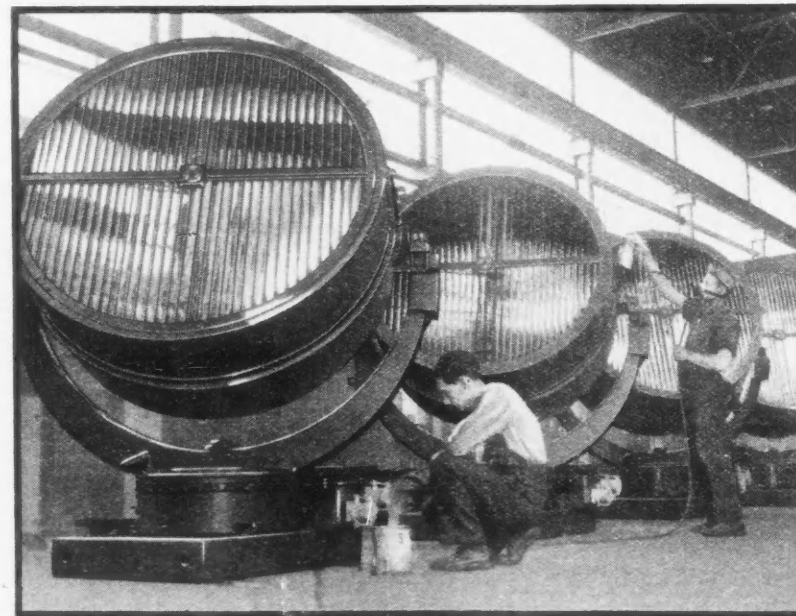
I've been to London . . . and oh, what a scene! Many houses are broken . . . my friends gone away. And people too busy to waste time in play. Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there? Well, I hunted for rats, and I got a good share. . . But the creatures are almost as big as me. For there aren't many cats left in London, you see. Pussy-cat, tell me: is it really true That the Queen, our beloved, she petted you? Yes, it's perfectly true. On a cold dreary morning The sirens sounded an air-raid warning. And people came running helter-skelter To the door of the Underground air-raid shelter. I crouched in a corner . . . what else could I do? When along came the loveliest lady in blue. She stopped, and she smiled, and she patted my head. And said, "Poor little thing, come along," so I did. When the air-raid was over we went on our ways. . . But I'll never forget to the end of my days That the loveliest lady I ever have seen Thought even of me; so GOD BLESS OUR QUEEN!

ELIZABETH DOUGLAS.

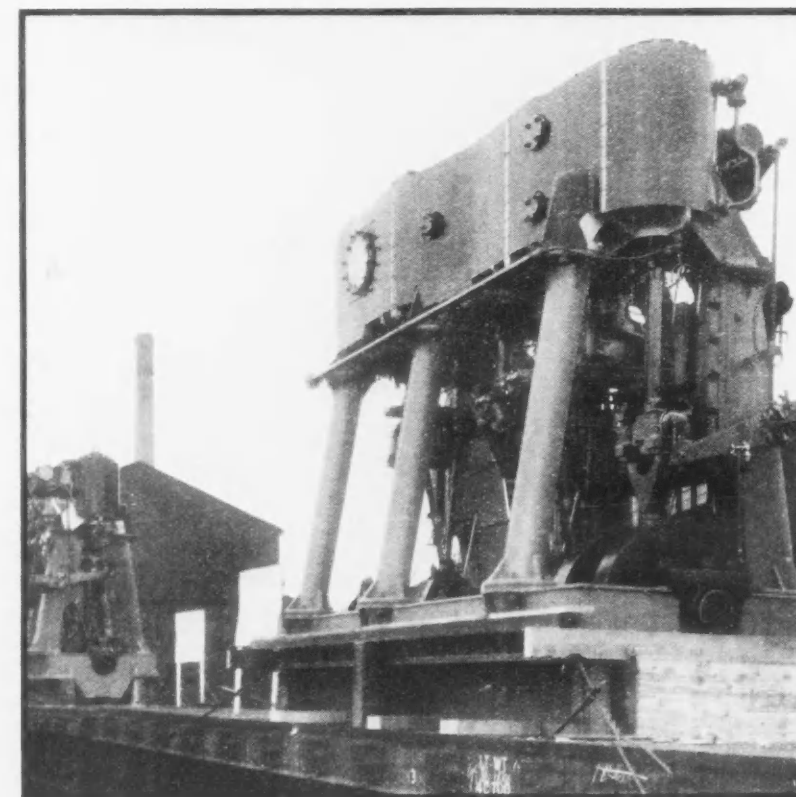
How War in the Pacific Affects Canada's Trade



These anti-tank guns are being built in a 1,000,000-square-foot plant of Canadian General Electric Company for Empire and Allied fighting forces. Since this picture was taken, a shipment of these guns has been sent to the British army at Cairo for use in the Battle of Libya.



Each of these anti-aircraft searchlights sends out a beam of more than three-quarters of a billion candlepower. Canadian General Electric has delivered these giant lights to the Canadian and British governments to be used in defence of vital, strategically-important objectives.



These twin 1,200 horsepower marine engines, many of which are being produced in Canadian General Electric plants, now power one of the speedy minesweepers of Canada's fast-growing Navy. CGE will soon produce the first Canadian gun mounts for heavy anti-aircraft guns.

HOW does the Pacific war affect Canada's trade? The Pacific has not the intense trade of the Atlantic routes, but it is a vaster area of many shores, climes and races, and every kind of product moves over its waters. The Japanese are not, and evidently can not be for a long time, confined to their own waters. By air, by sea and by under the sea, their raiders will range the Pacific. Their island outposts intersect the sea routes of the western Pacific and interlace with those of the allied ABCD powers. One of the early issues of the war will be to see which side can first oust the other from these advance bases. The Japs have scored the first blood. But since ships and bombers can range for thousands of miles, there will be no security for commerce in the Pacific until the war is over.

Accordingly, we have to make our analysis under three degrees of commercial loss or handicap. First there is the 100 per cent loss of trade with Japan, the enemy country. Second there is the grave danger to trade with those countries which are under direct attack; these countries are the Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Hawaii, Hong Kong and China; the last mentioned has of course been at war with Japan

BY WILLIAM WESTON

Through war with Japan we lose a good market, but the materials which we sold her can be used in our own war program, while the goods we received from her were mostly luxuries.

Of greater concern is the threat to supplies of rubber and tin from Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, though we have enough stocks on this continent to last at least a year.

For the present, we are not deprived of any essential material. For the future, the problem of supplies merges with the bigger one of winning the war in the Pacific.

For years, but it is now threatened with complete blockade through the Japanese drive to cut the Burma road. And third there is the handicap of the longer southern route to Australia and India, and even this commerce can be reached by the enemy. The total volume of Can-

ada's trade affected, using figures of the pre-war year 1938-39 because the later ones are somewhat distorted by war circumstances of the past two years, is as follows:

	Our Imports	Our Exports
Japan	\$ 4,167,000	\$21,900,000
Straits Settlements		
Dutch East Indies		
Philippines, Hawaii		
Hong Kong, China	15,302,000	41,000,000
Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, British India, Ceylon	26,793,000	54,200,000
Totals	\$46,562,000	\$86,900,000

This constitutes about seven per cent and nine per cent, respectively, of our normal import and export trade. These may appear to be small proportions, but when it is remembered that only about 25 per cent of our trade is with countries other than Britain and the United States, the hazard is more clearly appreciated.

During the past two years there has been considerable change in the trade because of the war and in anticipation of possible further trouble. We took thought at the eleventh hour and cut off most of our exports to Japan; in the ten months ended October, 1941, our exports to that country were only \$1,501,000, and our imports were \$2,242,000, so that the export surplus had already disap-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Make Strikes Illegal in War

BY P. M. RICHARDS

ENTRY of the United States into the war as a full-fledged combatant, and the bringing of the war closer to the shores of this continent as a result of Japanese aggression, have intensified and clarified the war emergency for the people of this continent. They know now they are in it up to their necks; that henceforth they have to do their utmost, for their own sakes as well as for Britain and Russia. Isolationism, indifference and complacency have been bombed out by the Japanese.

In Canada as well as the United States, the tempo and spirit of the war effort will be different henceforth. Public opinion will no longer be satisfied with an adequate war effort; it will demand the fullest possible effort. It will want to see production for war speeded up all along the line and the fighting services getting the recruits they want; it will want to see a more thorough and efficient mobilization for war of all the nation's productive resources, and, in particular, the stopping of war production losses due to strikes. From now on, disputes between labor and management will have to be settled in some other way, and it's up to the Government to find that way—one that will be as fair as possible to labor and management while recognizing the paramount interest of the state in continuance of production.

Across the border, the new unity of purpose brought about by the Japanese assault is already reflected in the calling off of strikes in progress or about to be launched, and in announcements by the Congress of Industrial Organizations and American Federation of Labor that organized American labor stands for a 100 per cent war effort and full production.

No Resumption During War

These patriotic declarations, coming so promptly, are very gratifying and doubtless represent the attitude of Canadian labor too, but it might be well to establish now, for the edification of our Government as well as the unions, the fact that Canadian public opinion will certainly not be disposed to tolerate a resumption—perhaps at some time ahead when patriotic fervor is less ardent than now—of the very serious and costly interruptions to war production experienced in the past. With Canadian and American coastal cities liable to be bombed and with casualties in the combat zones certain to mount if the fighting forces are not kept properly supplied, strikes must be ruled out for the period of the war.

This fact might well be limelighted and regularized now by the enactment of legislation making strikes illegal for the duration of the war. This would not be a step against labor, but only an extension to labor of the restrictions on liberty of action that all groups in the national community, including management and capital, are being required to accept. These restrictions are very real and onerous. For instance, the Canadian control authorities have announced the regulation of production or elimination of production of many lines of goods in order to free materials for labor for the war effort. Gone, apparently, are the days when the Government sought to cajole consumers into using less of a certain product; now the Government arbitrarily orders suspension or limitation of production of the goods it wants curtailed. And why not?—this is a tough war and we have to be tough to meet its challenge. But it's hard on the producers of the curtailed or suspended goods, who certainly suffer losses and in some cases be forced out of business.

A Real Mobilization

This sort of thing is what the Government calls "re-allocation of resources." That means that it's transferring the nation's productive resources from non-essential to war purposes, an undertaking involving drastic and painful changes in the nation's economy. Productive resources are, of course, not composed only of raw materials and manufacturing plants; they include also labor and management and capital, and anything else that enters into the production of goods. The fact is that the Government is now engaged in mobilizing the resources of this country for war much as an army is mobilized, and there seems to be no more reason why disputes leading to interruption of production should be tolerated in the supply branch of the war effort any more than disputes leading to suspension of service would be tolerated in the fighting branch.

This is not the abrogation of the freedom for which we are fighting; it is only a temporary suspension of it, a voluntary suspension to the end that we may have permanent enjoyment of it later on. In short, it means "total" war, a total war as thorough as the Germans', but more efficient because it is the product of the people's will, not that of a dictator. It is the total war that everyone has known to be necessary since the war began, and which is essential for victory.



pared. Instead, we stocked up in supplies from Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies, while in partial return we sent more goods to China.

The heavy loss is in exports, for Japan was a big buyer of Canadian materials. We can now chalk up as another ultimate blunder, though perhaps unavoidable at the time, the large shipments of metals and timber that went to Japan in former years, and that undoubtedly are now being used in an effort to destroy us. In 1938-39 we sent to Japan no less than \$6,500,000 worth of aluminum and some \$10,000,000 worth of nickel, copper, lead, zinc and scrap iron, \$1,500,000 worth of asbestos, and over \$1,000,000 worth of lumber and pulp, so that our exports to that nation look like a miniature armament program. What we got, in partial exchange, was a few cheap industrial products, such as cotton goods and fishing lines, but mainly some of the odds of existence for which that nation is famous, such as toys, chinaware, fireworks and tea. In foreign trade it is an axiom that each nation should sell what it is specialized to produce, but in the retrospective viewpoint of this new war, we are inclined to wonder whether this particular exchange, for all of its favorable balance, was worth while. The one consolation of the hour is that there is practically nothing from Japan that we can not do without while that country must sooner or later feel the pinch of raw materials, if its fighting power can only be held in check long enough.

The group of countries which are in immediate danger sell us more than they buy from us. For instance, we do not have to get our peanut and bean oil from Japan, but we certainly like to get it from somewhere, and if the China and Hong Kong trade is cut off we will be handicapped. Vegetable oils, rubber, tin, and tea are important in the \$15,000,000 of imports coming from the countries which are in imminent danger of Japanese aggression. Our exports to these countries include pulp and paper, flour, fertilizers, metals, and automobiles.

Essential Materials

In a state of war, of course, the important things are not so much the trade balances themselves as the essential materials and the means for procuring them. Our export surplus to Japan helped out our buying power in the United States, but there are other means for maintaining that, and if we have the means to buy, whether in U.S. dollars, British pounds, Canadian dollars or other form, we are able to buy from the countries with which we still trade provided the channels of transportation are open. The vital trade question arising out of the Pacific war, accordingly, is our supplies of materials from the affected areas. We must if necessary forget about the silk, the chinaware and the carpets, and even about the rice and the tea, but things like rubber and tin and palm oil are vital materials which have to be obtained somewhere or else inferior substitutes have to be used.

The most important of these is rubber. Most of the world's supply of rubber is grown in British Malaya (trading through Straits Settlements) and in the Dutch East Indies, while the United States is by far the largest consumer. The United States, and Canada along with it, has foreseen the danger of this war affecting rubber supplies, and has enormously increased stocks on this continent, at the same time taking steps to produce substitutes in case the worst happened. The existing supply is largely here, and it is enough to last for more than a year. Beyond that it is a question of defending Malaya and the East Indies, and the sea routes thereto.

Tin is less vital inasmuch as relatively good substitutes are available for most of its uses, but any of these, such as other metal coatings for tin plate, or glass containers for the present "canned" goods, would be less efficient, so that it is important for us to get tin. Here again Malaya and the Dutch East Indies are the leading sources; it is one of the few things which Siam (Thailand)

and) is able to export in quantity, and it also comes from China. The supply is not so concentrated as in the case of rubber, however, and enough would be available from Bolivia, Africa and other places to do us fairly well even if the far east went to the enemy.

Most of Canada's rubber and tin in normal times come directly from Straits Settlements. Some comes from the same source via the United States or Great Britain. With the virtual amalgamation of industrial production in these countries, it will not be a question of who can grab the supply, but rather who can use it to the best advantage.

Vegetable Oils

To the average citizen the term "vegetable oil" has little significance but if he inquires what his soap or his linoleum is made of, he may begin to appreciate its significance. The principal vegetable oils are: Cottonseed oil, used chiefly for animal food and for lubricants; linseed oil (from flax seed), used chiefly for paints and varnishes; palm oil (from the palm tree nut), used chiefly in the process of manufacturing tin plate, and for soaps, candles and butter substitutes; olive oil, used in foods, soaps and lubricants; peanut or groundnut oil, used in foods, soaps, lubricants and varnishes; and soybean oil (from the soya bean) used in foods, paints, etc. In the whole group there is hardly any one oil that is essential for any one purpose. But for almost any purpose there is usually one that is best, and a substitution means higher cost or inferior quality. Thus for a high-grade toilet soap, palm oil is usually considered one of the essentials, but in the numerous soaps on the market nearly every conceivable kind of oil can be found. For cocoanut, palm, castor, soybean, peanut and perilla oils we are dependent largely upon the countries of the east. Interference with this trade is bound to increase costs or lower quality, so if in the future you should find your soap or your paint inferior, you may be able to blame it on the Japanese, rather than on the manufacturer or on the price control board.

Tea is produced chiefly in Japan, China, India and Ceylon, most of our requirements coming from the two last-mentioned, so that we will do well enough so long as this commerce remains.

To summarize, \$25,000,000 of trade with Japan is wiped out, but the \$4,000,000 of imports were not vital to us, and the \$21,000,000 of exports were chiefly materials which we can well use now. \$26,000,000 of trade is in immediate jeopardy, and over \$80 millions more is in some danger. There is no imminent shortage of any material, but extra conservation steps may be needed. In the long run, of course, the problem of preserving this trade merges with the bigger one of winning the war in the Pacific.



General Wladislaw Sikorski, Premier of the Polish government in exile and onetime enemy of Soviet Russia, who recently arrived in Moscow to arrange for the release of Polish war prisoners held by the Soviets. He was greeted by Foreign Commissar Molotov at an airport decorated with Polish and Russian flags and a guard of honor was drawn up for inspection.

Britain's Shortage of Labor

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Despite its great achievements, Britain's munitions production suffers from shortage of labor and the uncertainties involved in the possible withdrawal at any time of more men for the fighting services.

Critics of the British Government's policy say that many soldiers would be better employed in the factories.

LORD BEAVERBROOK, talking recently of Britain's help to Russia, said "the burden of our production is very heavy indeed." He said that we had ample stocks of raw materials (a "surplus" of supplies) and enough machine tools. It only remained to recruit the labor for full success. Labor is the only shortage. The provision of that item is Mr. Bevin's job, and Lord Beaverbrook had absolute trust in Mr. Bevin's ability to do it.

It would be wrong not to record the fact that long before the Government ever declared it, the opinion was held by a majority of informed observers that labor would prove to be the fundamental bottleneck. And it would be wrong not to admit that the capacity of the Minister of Labor to cope with the great task of providing labor has been called into question.

This is the burden on production, that there is a disproportion between the engines of production and the primary supplies and the labor required to use them. Industry is not only absolutely short of labor, but it suffers from the uncertainty that it does not know when more workers are to be taken from it and put into the Armed Forces, that it does not know to what extent the Government's plans for women's labor will serve as effective replacement. And on the question of dilution the Minister goes warily, putting on his kid gloves, while on the question of wages he publicly stands in contradiction to the policy of the Cabinet as declared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the form of an appeal to labor not to raise wage claims.

The Russian war has brought the labor question to a head, and if the great needs of Democracy's ally are allowed to find only that partial satisfaction possible within the framework of the Ministry of Labor's present policy, then Democracy will regret the day. Always, in discussing this matter the layman is confronted with the official brick wall, that the use of men (and, indeed, of women) is finally the concern of high strategy, and that if the Army or the Air Force ask for so many more servants then, of their wisdom, the commanders are not to be questioned.

Time for a Change?

No doubt there is not that constant struggle between the High Command and the Ministry of Labor which is popularly supposed to exist. No doubt the Army is reasonable enough in what it asks of the Ministry, and the Ministry reasonable enough in what it refuses or grants. But there are some blatant facts beyond dispute which seem to support the arguments for a different sort of high strategy in this matter.

Britain has an army big enough to hinder seriously the development of production, but not big enough to constitute an immediate land hindrance to Hitler, nor ever likely to be big enough to challenge him on full scale on land. Britain has had to take men out of the army to do agricultural and industrial work, when the urgency has overridden official prejudice against this course. Britain is without the stock of coal which was considered a minimum adequate figure for the winter, because we were short of miners. These facts say clearly enough that something is wrong with Britain's labor policy, and Lord Beaverbrook's confession of complete faith in Mr. Bevin could hardly be expected to stifle criticism.

What the critics say is that at this

stage we should understand that we have, in the Russian Army, a great land force actually in conflict with the enemy and dealing him powerful blows. How many of Britain's soldiers would be better employed in factories, or on the land to save ships, than in their static suits of khaki? The Germans have a dual policy. When there is big land fighting their armies are up to full war strength. When there is a lull, a good proportion of the men go back into industry and agriculture. Cannot we

do the same? What a great fillip it would give to economic effort for Russia if 100,000 skilled men were suddenly infused into industry. And if half that number were put back on the land to turn food ships for Britain into munition ships for Russia?

There is an awe-inspiring progression written between the lines of official spokesmen when they talk of how our production is mounting. We can see the sort of increases to be expected each month. But what of the progression in the battle for Russia? That will not wait upon planning and the dispassionate intensification of an orthodox program.

Much has been said about the dissatisfaction of the British people with the aid Britain has been able to give to Russia. This dissatisfaction is real enough. It could be dissipated overnight by a bold stroke in our labor policy.



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NOTE: The Editor invites correspondence towards making **WHO'S WHO IN CANADA** more representative. Such correspondence will be appreciated and treated in the strictest confidence.

B. M. GREENE, Editor.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CHROMIUM M. & S.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate receiving information on Chromium Mining and Smelting Corporation stock.

A. G. G., Hamilton, Ont.

Chromium Mining and Smelting Corporation is a metallurgical and manufacturing organization rather than a mining enterprise, and its products are meeting an increasingly favorable reception from the iron and steel trades. Some of the larger steel alloy companies of the United States and Canada are customers, but most of the current shipments, I understand, are for British war industries. The smelter at Sault Ste. Marie is operating at full capacity, but wartime restrictions prevent making public particulars or production, plant capacity and pounds of metal sold.

One specialty it produces is

"Chrom-X", which is used instead of ferrochromium in introducing chromium into steel. This product is valuable in the manufacture of rustless iron and stainless steel. The company has had to overcome many handicaps, and while there are problems yet to be solved, the directors appear confident of ultimate large success. Extensive research work has been carried out with important steel interests and the output is not entirely chrome products. Rights are held to the inventions of M. J. Udy, through which they are able to use successfully ore of chromium, and other alloy minerals, usually considered below grade or too complex for commercial exploitation.

Business in 1941 up to June 20 last, was almost equal to the total for the years 1939 and 1940. Plant capacity has been expanded and the range of products is being enlarged. The corporation recently underwent a reorganization which cleared up its liabilities and provided working capital.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock market prices was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

MISFORTUNE BETTER EARLY THAN LATE

War between the United States and Japan had been fairly well discounted by the American stock market, as indicated by the fact that on Thursday of last week, when war declarations against Germany and Italy were announced, the market advanced rather than declined. What had not been discounted, because it had not been expected, were the disasters, first to the American Pacific fleet, and then to the British Pacific fleet, that accompanied Japan's initial attack. America's war got off to a bad start. But this, as Paul Mallon remarks, is a good way to start. An early misfortune often prevents a much greater one later.

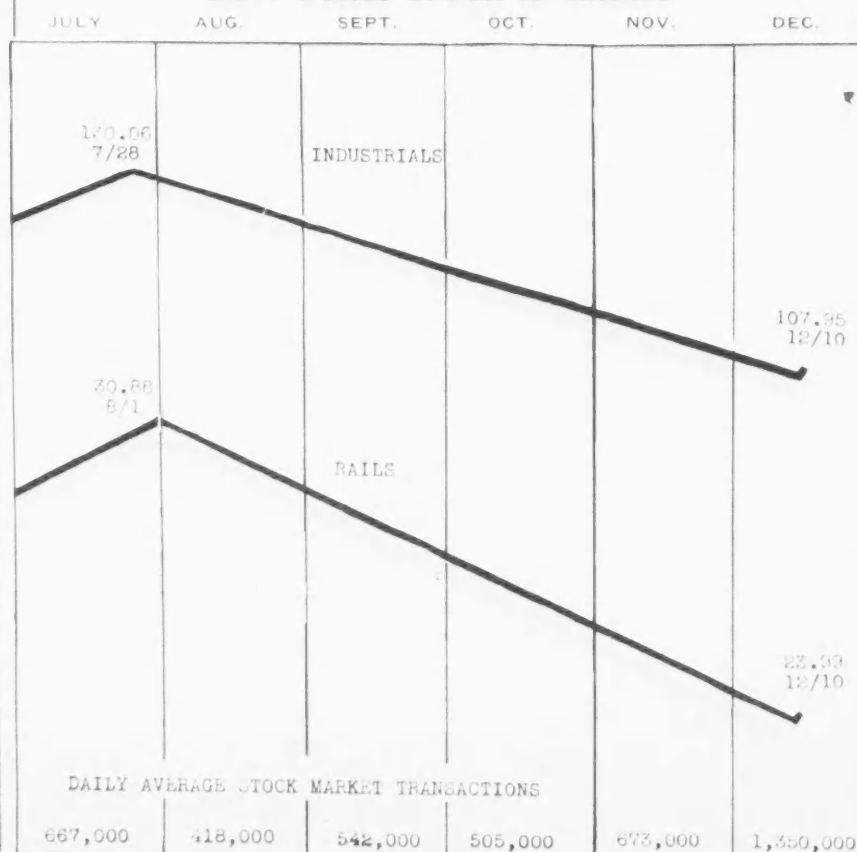
BEHAVIOR OF RAILS SIGNIFICANT

Last week's price decline carried the Dow-Jones industrial average decisively under its previous major low point of 1940, established on June 10 at 111.84. The rail average, however, failed to close under its major 1940 low point of 22.14. The 1932-33 cyclical rise, the 1938-39 cyclical rise, and the 1933-34 cyclical decline were each ended by a formation in which one average, after the elapse of a number of months, refused to follow the other average into new territory. Last week's refusal of the rails to follow the industrials into new ground, particularly in view of the news and the increase in selling pressure, marks the current price level as one from which another important turn could develop.

STOCKS A PURCHASE DURING WEAKNESS

Unless one wishes to make the assumption that nations with the tremendous man power, resources, and initiative of the allies are to go down in defeat before enemies much weaker in every respect—and we emphatically oppose such a viewpoint—then the war's end, with victory as an accompaniment, becomes but a matter of time, regardless of what may be their fortunes in the early fighting. On the premise of a successful outcome, and with due allowance for higher taxes and intensification of various controls in the interest of victory, stocks of sound corporations, in our opinion, continue a purchase during intervals of weakness.

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POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA
LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared this day the following dividend:

No par value Common Stock

No. 21 Interim 15c. per share payable February 2nd, 1942, to holders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1941.

L. C. HASKELL, F.C.I.S., Secretary

Montreal, November 28th, 1941

**Hollinger Consolidated
Gold Mines Limited**

DIVIDEND NUMBER 35
EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 1

A regular dividend of 1% and an extra dividend of 1% making 2% in all has been declared by the Directors on the Gold Stock of the Company, payable on the 15th day of December, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of December, 1941.

DATED the 11th day of December, 1941.
P. C. FINLAY, Secretary

PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 13.75¢ on Preferred Stock has been declared by Provincial Paper Limited, payable January 2nd, 1942, to shareholders of record as at close of business December 15th, 1941.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER, Secretary-Treasurer

**THE TORONTO
MORTGAGE COMPANY**
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this company has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

2ND JANUARY 1942

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on the 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
4th December 1941. WALTER GILLESPIE, Secretary-Treasurer

**MONETA PORCUPINE
MINES LIMITED**
(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 14

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of Moneta Porcupine Mines Limited (No Personal Liability) payable in Canadian funds on January 15th, 1942, to Shareholders of record December 31st, 1941.

By order of the Board,
H. B. CLEARHUE, Secretary-Treasurer
Toronto, Ontario, Dec. 9th, 1941

GOLD & DROSS

DOMINION TEXTILE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have your much valued opinion on the common stock of Dominion Textile. Do you think the company can keep up its \$5 dividend and do you think earnings this year will hold up?

D. I. A., Fort William, Ont.

Yes, on both counts. While the price ceiling has roofed all goods and services, thereby injecting some uncertainty into the company's outlook, I don't think profit margins will be seriously impaired at least not for some time to come. So that earnings in the year which ends March 31, 1942, should not differ greatly from the \$7.03 per share shown in the last fiscal year. Consequently, the \$5-per-share dividend still has ample coverage.

Operations should be maintained at high levels for some time to come by the heavy demand in Canada for cotton textiles both for civilian and military purposes. Larger exports to the United Kingdom should bolster the demand.

INTERNATIONAL BRONZE

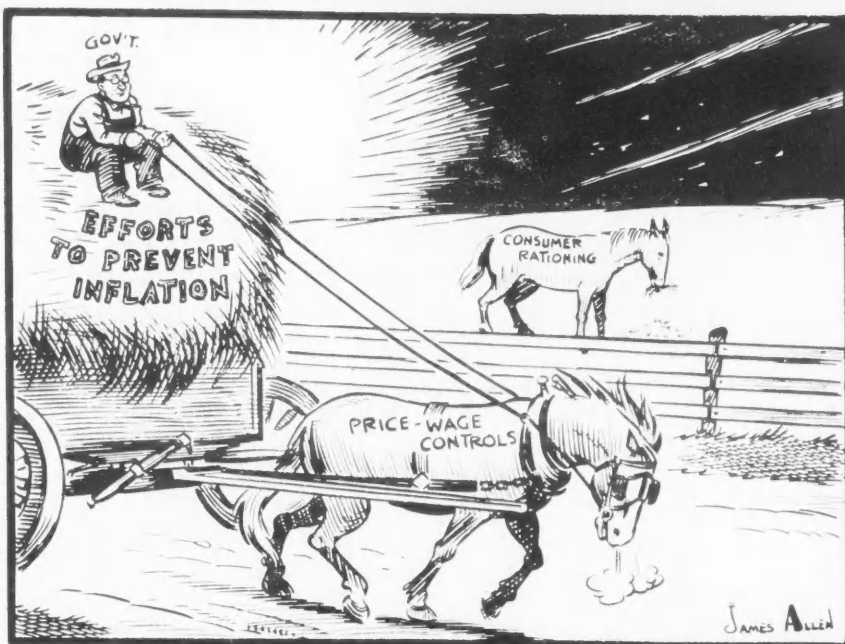
Editor, Gold & Dross:

International Bronze Powders common stock yields about 12 per cent at present prices. Is there any special reason for this or do you consider it a good buy?

S. E. N., Wolfville, N.S.

The common stock of International Bronze Powders is an income speculation. That is, in buying it you are speculating on the ability of the company to maintain the \$1.50-per-share dividend rate. As such, I think it has above-average attraction.

The speculative factor attached to this stock is the present onerous withholding tax which Canadian concerns must pay on dividends received from holdings in the United States. One of International Bronze Powders' factories is located at Valleyfield, Que., and the two others are located in the United States—one at Malone and one at Closter, N.J. Since the dividends from the U.S. plants



A TWO-HORSE LOAD

are important to the parent, you can readily realize what the 27½ per cent withholding tax means. Prior to the last Canadian budget, both the U.S. and the Canadian withholding taxes were 5 per cent under a previous reciprocal arrangement. This arrangement was abrogated when Canada raised its rate to 15 per cent last April and Canadians immediately became subject to the prevailing U.S. rate of 16½ per cent; the latter was raised to 27½ per cent, deductible at the source on September 30, 1941. Now, I understand a new reciprocal agreement is being worked out and it has been suggested that the withholding tax may revert to 5 per cent for corporations and 15 per cent for individuals.

I understand that the plants of International Bronze Powders have been very busy in the current year, that priorities have not affected operations and that the management feels confident that this happy set of circumstances will be prolonged. One of the company's most important products is aluminum powders which are used not only as a decorative medium but also as a means of preservation against corrosion or rust, so that it is important in certain branches of war work. The manufacture of gold bronzes which are used in decorative work has not been affected as yet by priorities.

LAKE SHORE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you think that Lake Shore can continue to earn its present dividend? Provided earnings remain constant or decline slightly, will taxes increase from now on? What about rock-bursts?

L. J., Hamilton, Ont.

It is impossible to predict the continuance of the present dividend of Lake Shore Mines. Given assurance that the daily tonnage in effect before the strike will be maintained, labor difficulties ended and no further unforeseen developments, it seems reasonable to anticipate that last year's earnings might be more or less stabilized. However, the possibility exists that as study of the rock burst situation goes on there might be a further reduction in daily tonnage, and as to whether the mines will have to bear additional taxes as the war comes still closer to Canada, is something only the Government can tell you. At any rate in the future mining conditions can be expected to determine production and profits at Lake Shore, rather than dividend policies.

Excellent progress appears being made by Lake Shore in re-adjusting itself to the new mining system. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1941, the mine was put on a strictly "planned sequence" basis of stopping. This, in addition to providing the greatest safety for the men, preserves the ore by preventing it from being smashed up in pillars, which would mean much of it would

be lost or badly diluted by waste, and mining is very slow and costly. The advantage of this system is that no pillars are formed, consequently rock bursts should be kept to a minimum in frequency and severity. There are, however, disadvantages as there is no equalizing control of the grade of ore mined over successive periods. The output per level is very much restricted and development of ore ahead must be far more extensive than that ordinarily required.

New ore developments at depth are favorable, and as much new ore was put in sight in the past fiscal year as in the two previous periods. High grade ore is located in first work on the 5,950-foot level, the deepest in the mine.

GIANT YELLOWKNIFE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been asked to buy shares in Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines, which I understand is still in the development stage. I would be glad of any information you can give me.

C. M. K., Watford, Ont.

A limited tonnage of high grade ore has been disclosed on the Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines, and a 25-ton mill was recently delivered to the property. The mine has been opened by a shaft to 125 feet, with nearly 200 feet of high grade ore reported exposed in drifting on the 110-foot level, which is said to grade several ounces per ton. Shipments of 130 tons made last year to a smelter brought a gross return of \$37,000.

Bear Exploration and Radium owns directly or indirectly half of the issued shares. A quick profit is hoped for, perhaps as much as \$200,000, and will be used to carry out further development on this ground as well as to open other groups in which B.E.A.R. is interested.

NATIONAL BREWERIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding some of the stock of National Breweries and would like to have your opinion as to whether I should continue to do so. Do you think the company will be able to maintain the \$2 dividend?

A. C. V., Toronto, Ont.

Yes, I do, over the intermediate term at least. The stock can be rated as a businessman's investment, or one which is suitable to the individual who is in a position to keep informed on market developments and appraise the stock's chances in relation to those developments.

You will remember that last year National Breweries showed a net income equal to \$1.78 per common share against the \$2 dividend rate. With more than 10 per cent of the stock held externally, the company was subject to the Foreign Exchange Control Board's ruling that dividends

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may only be paid out of current earnings. So that early in the current year there was some doubt as to its ability to maintain dividends at the \$2 rate.

The recent declaration of the full year's dividend does not necessarily mean that it was earned, but, since the Board's definition of "current earnings" permits distribution of earned surplus which has been ac-

cumulated since 1938, a moderate amount of leeway is permissible.

The long term continuance of the \$2 per share dividend is by no means assured in the face of rising taxes and restrictive legislative measures in the Province of Quebec. But sales in the current year are, I understand, improving, and the company's financial position is strong enough to clarify the immediate outlook.

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A COAST TO COAST ORGANIZATION

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 220

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1942 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 2nd February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December 1941. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager

Toronto, 12th December 1941

ABOUT INSURANCE

Non-Forfeiture Benefits in Policies

BY GEORGE GILBERT

UNDER what is known as the Uniform Life Insurance Act, which is in force in every Province except Quebec, all policies of life insurance, except those issued by fraternal societies, must state the period of grace within which the premiums may be paid and the conditions upon which the policies, if they lapse, may be reinstated, and they must also indicate the amount, if any, of cash surrender or loan value, and the options, if any, of the insured as to paid up or extended insurance provided by the policies.

Under this Act it is also provided that where a policy lapses and the cash value has not been paid and any options as to paid up or extended insurance have not been exercised, the insured is entitled to have the policy reinstated upon application within two years, or, in the case of an industrial policy, within one year upon the production of evidence of good health and other evidence of insurability satisfactory to the insurance company as at the date of the application for reinstatement and upon payment of all overdue premiums and other indebtedness to the insurance company under the policy, with compound interest at such rate, not exceeding six per cent per annum, as the policy provides, and provided that no change has taken place in good health and insurability subsequently to the date of the application for reinstatement and before the policy is reinstated.

Across the line a special committee of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners has been studying the current non-forfeiture laws of the various states for the purpose of determining whether the present statutes impede the adoption of mortality tables based on modern mortality experience; also whether the present laws result in equity to policyholders under present conditions when the older tables are used in the calculation of non-forfeiture benefits, and whether the use of modern mortality tables in connection with the present laws would result in greater equity in the granting of such benefits.

Objective of State

This committee had made a report in which it is stated that the objective of the state should be to establish minimum non-forfeiture benefits on such a basis that continuing policyholders will not be penalized by the granting of excessive non-forfeiture benefits to policyholders who terminate their contracts, but it is likewise stated that the withdrawing policyholder should be granted the largest value which can be granted without violating this condition.

While laws requiring minimum non-forfeiture benefits are characteristic of the United States only, yet a number of states have no such requirements, and in some states they apply to ordinary insurance only; it is the laws of a few states which set the pattern of non-forfeiture benefits elsewhere.

It is pointed out that existing laws fail to recognize for non-forfeiture purposes that the policy reserve is not necessarily representative of the amount available to the insurance company for the providing of such benefit; that the tables of mortality now required to be used for valuation purposes are not suitable estimates of the mortality under non-forfeiture options; that different modes of valuation, such as preliminary term and net level premium, do not alter the pattern of the amounts available for non-forfeiture benefits; and that reserves established at a high level in the interests of conservation will defeat their purpose if they must be used to establish excessive non-forfeiture benefits without appropriate safeguards to the business.

It is also stated that no acceptable arguments based on considerations of equity have been found for the con-

In some of the States across the line the insurance companies are required by law to provide non-forfeiture benefits in their policies, and there is a movement now on foot to secure the enactment of uniform and equitable non-forfeiture laws throughout the entire country.

tinuance of the fixed period of three years following issue of policy, now found in the statutes of most states, during which non-forfeiture benefits need not be granted, or for the requirements for a "mathematical equivalence" of non-forfeiture options on the basis of the valuation standard, or for the use of a mortality table without margins for expenses or contingencies in converting the cash value into an insurance option.

It is found that the valuation reserve is not a conclusive measure of the amount available for the granting of non-forfeiture benefits. The experience on non-participating policies, it is stated, may properly be used in the establishment of minimum non-forfeiture benefits. Accumulation of funds on participating policies may follow the pattern of the accumulations on non-participating policies or may develop at a higher rate, depending upon the type of dividend formula adopted.

Valuation Reserve

Since the valuation basis may to some extent affect the form of the dividend scale and cause the accumulation of funds according to a more conservative pattern than necessary to provide the minimum non-forfeiture benefits, provision should be made, it is stated, for surrender dividends to be allowed when the non-forfeiture benefits are based on assumptions as to interest which are more conservative by a substantial degree than those used in calculating the policy reserve.

As a result of its conclusions, the committee has recommended the prompt enactment in all states of new legislation which will accomplish the following: (a) Provide for the calculation of non-forfeiture benefits by the "adjusted premium" method, according to appropriate bases of mortality and interest independent of the valuation standard. The general formula for the "adjusted premium" recognizes the amortization over the premium-paying period of an amount not exceeding the sum of (1) 40 per

cent of the adjusted premium for the first policy year, (2) 25 per cent of the adjusted premium for the first policy year on a similar annual premium whole life policy, and (3) 2 per cent of the minimum amount of insurance during the term of the policy; provided, however, that in applying the percentages specified in (1) and (2) no adjusted premium will be deemed to exceed \$40 per \$1,000 of the amount of insurance determined under (3).

Cash Values

"(b) Require that policies contain provision for cash surrender values after three years, but that such policies contain non-forfeiture benefits in the form of insurance whenever the "adjusted premium" formula develops such a benefit and provide that no benefits need be granted in the case of term insurance policies with a term of less than fifteen years and expiring prior to age sixty-six.

"(c) Specify appropriate tables of mortality approved by the Commissioners subject to appropriate safeguards, provide for the review of mortality experience from time to time and the preparation of new tables, if necessary, specify appropriate margins for mortality fluctuations and contingencies in such new tables and establish a maximum rate of interest in computing non-forfeiture benefits.

"(d) Specify as appropriate for the calculation of non-forfeiture benefits the Commissioners 1941 Ordinary Mortality Table for ordinary policies and the 1941 Standard Industrial and the 1941 Substandard Industrial Mortality Tables for industrial insurance and specify a special table, rates therein not to exceed 130 per cent of the basic mortality rate, as a suitable basis for calculating extended insurance.

"(e) Specify that every policy shall contain (1) a statement of the table of mortality, rate of interest and method used in calculating the optional non-forfeiture benefits, and (2) a table of values for the first twenty policy years."

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

We read \$12,000 of insurance with the co-insurance clause on a building valued at \$15,000 and had a fire. The fire damage was between \$1,500 and \$2,000 and the total loss insured and uninsured about \$3,000. The fire was caused through the tenant of the building allowing a case of combustible material to remain too long in the basement. Of this we have ample proof. The insurance companies don't want to assume the entire fire loss, notwithstanding that the policies show a coverage of \$12,000. We would like your comment on this particular case.

B. R. W., Ottawa, Ont.

If your fire insurance policy or policies contained the usual 80 per cent co-insurance clause and you carried \$12,000 insurance on a building valued at \$15,000, you would be entitled to the full amount of the fire loss whatever it might be up to the amount of the insurance carried. If the co-insurance clause was the 90 per cent and not the 80 per cent one, you would have to be carrying \$13,500 of insurance to be entitled to collect the full amount of the claim in the case of a partial loss, and to the extent to which the insurance carried was less than the required amount you would be a co-insurer of the risk.

That is, if the amount required to be carried was \$13,500 and you carried \$12,000, you would be entitled to collect 12,000/13,500 of the amount of the claim in the case of a partial loss.

It is not advisable to accept a policy with the co-insurance clause unless the policyholder is in a position to be sure that the requirements of the clause are being complied with at all times, and that he will not be caught with insufficient insurance to value at the time a loss occurs.

As a person is responsible for damages to property caused through his negligence, you might be able to collect from the tenant the amount necessary to make good the damage to the property over and above the amount received from the insurance company or companies for the purpose.

Editor, About Insurance:

I would appreciate any help you can give me in my present difficulty. I have \$2,000 ordinary life, \$1,000 group insurance and I have a further \$120. per annum to invest, or perhaps I should say "put into," insurance. I am 29 years of age, married, have a daughter aged 7 and a son 2 years of age. The company with which I am employed has a pension plan effective at age 65. My present

income is about \$1,400 per annum, and, if I stay with this company and advance as I have in the past it may be possible to reach a maximum of about \$3,000 yearly.

G. A. R., Toronto, Ont.

As insurance protection for family purposes is your principal requirement at the present time and is likely to continue to be for a more or less lengthy period, I would advise buying a policy which provides the most protection for your wife and children during the time the children are growing up and also furnishes protection for the whole of life.

For an annual premium within the sum mentioned, you can obtain a whole life policy for \$5,000, with the

family income benefit included, so that should you die before reaching age 65, a monthly income of \$50 would be paid to your beneficiaries from the date of your death until the year you would have reached age 65 had you lived, at which time the face amount of the policy, \$5,000, would become payable to your beneficiaries in the form of a monthly income of in a lump sum, whichever would then best meet the requirements.

Such a policy contains, of course, the usual cash and loan values which would be available in time of pressing emergency, but its main advantage is that it provides a maximum amount of protection during the earning period of your life, while furnishing \$5,000 of family protection.

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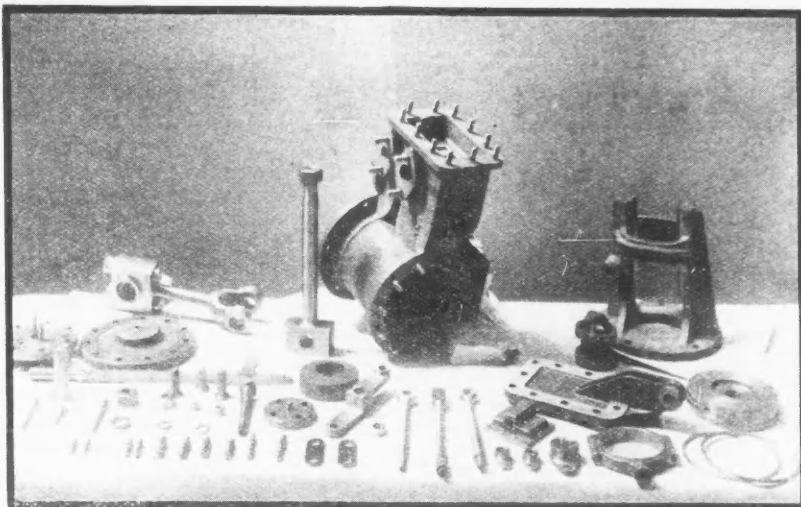
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A disassembled turning engine for large cargo boats. Parts for this engine are being made in the machine shops of the pulp and paper industry. Numerous other products being made include cargo winches, main bearing bolts, bilge suction and discharge chests, and relief valves.

The Pulp and Paper Industry And the War Effort

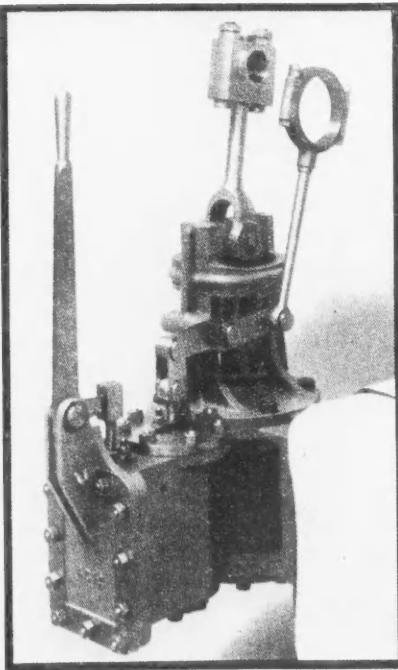
WHEN the smouldering peace of the last quarter of a century burst into the flame of war in September, 1939, the pulp and paper industry was just emerging from a period of depression as trying as any in its history.

Because of the economic stress to which it had been subjected, the industry was short of skilled labor; because enlistment in the armed forces was a steady drain on the labor market, and trained men were especially in demand, it decided to train its own.

But the training plan adopted by The Canadian Pulp & Paper Association was to embrace more than the pulp and paper industry; in its broader aspects, it was to provide skilled mechanical labor to operate existing plants which could be converted to wartime production or to man new munitions plants.

But perhaps the most important decision made by the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association was that of making machine parts in its own machine shops, particularly those which tend to form "bottlenecks" in Canada's munition-producing industries.

To carry out this plan, the Executive Committee of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Industry formed a Wartime Machine Shop Board, and as the plan developed, the Board appointed a full-time co-ordinator and staff to arrange the necessary contacts between units in the industry and contractors and generally supervise the whole plan for the industry.



The complete turning engine assembled from the parts shown at the top of the page. The pulp and paper industry is also making parts for naval gun mountings, gauges, jigs for anti-aircraft guns and gun mountings, and a variety of aluminum alloy parts for airplanes.

At first, the Wartime Machine Shop Board co-operated and worked through the Director General of Munitions. With the creation of a Government agency to handle sub-contracting, the Board is co-ordinating its activities with the requirements of this new department.

So, today, the pulp and paper industry is giving chosen men a 12-months' course in theoretical and practical training. It fully realizes that a skilled tradesman cannot be produced in one brief year, but it firmly believes that a satisfactory basic training can be imparted in that time.

Then, too, the industry has adopted a process of "thinning cut": men with the necessary technical training are advanced, thereby releasing more highly skilled men either for other work within their own mill or in war industries.

The Big Job

Put it was from the industry's machine shops that real vigor began to flow into Canada's war industry.

Because pulp and paper mills are usually remote from large centres, machine shops for maintenance work are a normal part of their organization. In normal times, these shops work an average of 8 hours per day or 48 hours per week. By working 24 hours per day, it is obvious that the shops could be made available 96 hours per week for other work without disrupting mill maintenance.

At the beginning it was decided that if the industry were to make machine parts for war industries, it could only be done by sub-contracting: in Britain, sub-contracting, known as "bits-and-pieces," is playing an important part in the war effort; in the United States, known as "farming out," it is coming to the fore.

So it was as sub-contractors that the mills undertook important work for the war effort.

A survey has been made to find what each mill was best suited to produce. The Wartime Machine Shop Board Co-ordinator makes the necessary contacts between contractors and sub-contractors.

In the first six weeks of the plan's operation, \$300,000 worth of sub-contracts were placed by the Co-ordinator with the mills. In September, 1941, the total was well over \$1,225,000 and the rate is steadily increasing. The dollar volume, however, gives little indication of the value of the work.

Out of the shops of the pulp and paper industry have come parts for corvettes, minesweepers and cargo vessels; parts for the manufacture of ordnance; parts for airplanes; and many special devices, the details of which are confidential.

All this has been accomplished in the machine shops of an industry which enjoy no particular advantage over the shops of other industries for handling this work.

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Supervisory Office—8 King St. W.—Toronto

BASE metal production in Canada appears to be in line for some further expansion. This is in addition to the increase steadily taking place at the producers already established.

Among the base metal mines of major importance that may be brought into production is the large property held by Sudbury Basin Mines in the Sudbury district. This property embraces about seven miles in length of mineralized lands on which are believed to be some millions of tons of ore, containing copper, zinc and lead. Some of the ore is known to be of excellent grade, while a very large

What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

tonnage is of medium to low metal content. Under the spur of necessity, and with reasonable concessions by the government in regard to price of the metal, this enterprise could possibly be transformed into a base metal producing concern of considerable magnitude.

Lake Shore Mines at Kirkland Lake is being viewed now in the light of changed economic conditions both as regards labor supply as well as

costs of supplies and material. At its peak the mine operated at a rate of some 2400 tons of ore daily. In accomplishing this, it was necessary to draw upon a very large tonnage of low grade material generally referred to as ore of marginal grade. When mixed with the higher grade ore, the entire tonnage was made to yield a reasonable profit. However, it has been evident for some time

that a considerable part of the lower grade could well be left unmined without having any very great effect on the earnings of the enterprise. It has been evident that the greater part of the earnings have been obtained from only about sixty per cent of the ore going through the mill. For this reason, smaller scale operations which may pass by the lower grade may be found to yield a profit to compare well with the former rate of earnings. The out-

look, therefore, for Lake Shore under these changed conditions appears to be somewhat greater, much greater in fact, than is generally supposed. Ore reserves in sight in the mine were perhaps never greater than at present. The low ebb in the current cycle of Lake Shore operations appears to have passed.

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines produced \$2,284,855 during the fiscal year ended September 30, compared with \$2,039,430 in the preceding year. Recovery increased to \$9.52 per ton compared with \$8.67 in the previous year. Ore reserves rose to 1,328,818 tons compared with the estimates of 797,000 a year ago. As a result of this growth a decision has been made to increase mill capacity from 670 tons daily at present to 1,000 tons per day, and with tentative provision for an increase to 1,500 tons daily should such be considered necessary.

Uchi Gold Mines is considered to be confronted with a serious decision. Operations under existing conditions are not profitable. Through careful operation it was possible to earn sufficient to meet the interest payments on bonded indebtedness. However, the cost of living bonuses now imposed through employment of some 400 men is absorbing an added \$75,000 a year. This more than eats up the \$5,000 monthly operating profit heretofore established. Unless some measure of relief can be obtained for the enterprise, there may be no other course than to curtail operations for the present.

Mines in the province of Quebec produced 897,193 ounces of gold in the first ten months of 1941 compared with 842,545 ounces in the corresponding period of 1940.

Mines in the province of Ontario produced \$101,519,188 in gold during the first ten months of 1941 compared with \$101,301,876 in the corresponding period of 1940. The industry will be called upon to absorb the shock of the labor strike at Kirkland Lake for the current quarter and it is already evident the output for 1941 from this province will be slightly lower than that of 1940.

Sheep Creek Mines in British Columbia is maintaining output at close to \$90,000 per month.

Dome Mines produced \$646,792 during November, having milled smaller tonnage, but with grade of ore sharply increased from \$11.55 per ton in October to \$12.51 in November. In the eleven months ended Nov. 30th the output was \$7,138,487 compared with \$7,273,916 in the first eleven months of 1940.

Sigma Mines in Quebec continues to grow. Output of gold in the eleven months ended Nov. 30th was \$2,694,161 compared with \$2,089,241 in the first eleven months of 1940.

Chesterville Larder Lake is milling 700 tons of ore daily and is planning a further big increase. Diamond drilling has indicated ore resources sufficient to justify an expansion to possibly 1200 tons daily. The matter is being considered at present, both in the light of mine conditions as well as that associated with securing the necessary machinery and equipment.

Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company will erect a magnesium plant some place in Canada capable of producing 5,000 tons of the metal annually. This is to be done by the company without fee or profit, and the plant will be built on the account of the British government, with the product allocated entirely to the British government.

The machine shops on the gold mines of the Kirkland Lake gold area have made a very important contribution to the war effort through the manufacture of marine engines with which to drive the large number of new freighters for ocean service. This has been hampered by the present labor strike at the mines, but with men now steadily returning to their jobs, the vital work is being resumed.

People sometimes come to us and say something like this: "I make \$40 a week. How much life insurance should I own?"

We wish we could answer that question. But, frankly, it is a little like asking: "How high is up?" or "How long is a piece of string?" The only answer we know is: "It depends."

The amount of life insurance a man should own depends on a great many things. Each man's case is a strictly individual problem. For example: Is he married? How many children has he? How old are his children? Has he other dependents? Does he own a home? Is it mortgaged? What is his occupation? What are his other assets?

If a man is not married, he may not require so much protection as a man making the same income who is married and has four children. A man who owns a home may want to provide additional insurance to enable his widow to pay off a mortgage. War conditions may force consideration of problems that would not arise in peace time. These and a great many other considerations make it impossible to lay down any one rule or set forth statistics governing how much life insurance any particular man should own.

An average figure should never be taken as a guide in determining the insurance needs of any given individual. For instance, one man may find that a certain percent of his income will buy the kind and amount of life insurance that he should own, under his circumstances. His neighbour, on the other hand, may find this same percent of income provides more than adequate protection.

That is why the question: "How much life insurance should I own?" can be answered intelligently only after a trained, experienced life insurance agent has made a conscientious study of each individual problem.

This is Number 44 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

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How high is up?